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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR JULY, 1809.

FROM THE LONDON REVIEW.

A new System of Domestic Cookery, formed upon Principles of Economy, and adapted to the use of private Families. By a lady. A new Edition, corrected. London, printed for John Murray, Fleet Street; J. Harding, St. James's Street; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. 7s. 6d. Reviewed by Mr. J. Smith.

THE three booksellers to whom the world is indebted for this ingenious Treatise on the Art of Eating and Drinking, could not have been more happily marshalled by a king at arms, than they are in the title-page of this work. Mr. John Murray lives within the city walls, and is, upon that account, *positively* the best judge of cookery. Mr. J. Harding, of a more courtly residence, may *comparatively* possess some knowledge of the subject; but Messrs. A. Constable and Co. of Edinburgh, must be pronounced, by all impartial judges, *superlatively* unfit to give evidence in the cause. A work which treats of oyster patties, green peas, ratafea cream, and London syllabub, must be as much a "sealed book" to our Scottish neighbours, as that northern luminary, Allan Ramsay, is to us darkling natives of the south. The only effect which it can produce in the shop window of the aforesaid A. Constable and Co. is to quicken their countrymen in their journey southward (like the hay before the horse's nose in Ireland) and thus to overcome that bashful repugnance to visiting England which has ever been the characteristick of a North Briton. But, as a striking title is half the bat-

tle, ought not our authoress, in policy, to have entitled her book: "The Belly and the Members," and dedicated it to our representatives in parliament? This would have established her fame in a moment, and consigned old Menenius Agrippa's fable of that name to merited oblivion. The great object of the great mass of mankind, *docti indoctique*, is to eat. From the savage of Terra del Fuego, whose food is worms extracted from decayed wood, to the peripatetick of Bond Street, who, having performed the duties of the morning, regales on turtle and iced champagne; and, while he picks his teeth, eyes with disdain the ignoble herd through the green lattices of Steevens's Hotel, it may be stated, as an indisputable fact, that man is a cooking animal, and increases in civilisation in proportion to the beauty and variety of the produce of his saucepans. The degeneracy of the Jew may, upon this principle, be fairly ascribed to the trainoil that meanders through his viands. The debased condition of the negro may safely be imputed to the yams and cassava which he dignifies with the name of dinner; and what political efforts can this country ever expect

from the Dutch, when we reflect that they jumble bacon and buttermilk in the same dish, and feed upon cheeses, which can only be compared to cannon-balls impregnated with salt? Homer's poetical proser, Old Nester, considered man a cooking animal; so thought the renowned James Boswell, that twinkling star in the great belt of the *Saturnine Moralists*; and the observation enabled Mr. Burke to account for the old proverb—There's reason in roasting of eggs. With this great truth in view, how much obliged ought the publick to feel to a lady who, instead of inditing sonnets to the moon and feeding the mind of her readers through the medium of the Minerva press, has preferred the more laudable pursuit of catering for the stomach, and has produced a work, at which the Hannah Glasses and the Farleys may hide their diminished larders. Half an author's merit arises from the choice of his subject. A new system of religion was out of the question; no *sober* man now thinks of going any where except to the Tabernacle; and systems of politicks are as shifting as the sands of Scamander under the foot of Achilles. An improved treatise on musick or dancing, might, indeed, have made many proselytes in this fiddling and jumping age; yet, still the deaf and the gouty would not have become purchasers. But a new System of Cookery, embracing all the contents of the tablecloth, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, is universally and perpetually interesting. When a superannuated general is fighting his battles over again, and in his narrative cuts off the wing of an army, one is apt to yawn. How different the sensation if he is cutting off the wing of a wild fowl. John duke of Argyll was a great man in his day: he is now *hors de combat* in Westminster Abbey; and I entreat the noble family of Campbell to reflect, that the *Argyll* which saves the gravy from coagulating, is the golden urn that shall long preserve the ashes of

their illustrious house from oblivion. The duke is now cold, but our gravy is hot. Who does not remember queen Catharine's character of cardinal Wolsey?

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes.

My interpretation of this passage, with all due deference to Mr. Douce, is, that he was a man who *gave excellent dinners*. Allow me this, and the inigma of his "ranking himself with princes" is instantly solved. We will not, however, multiply cases to prove a self-evident proposition, but proceed to the work under review; which is introduced by an advertisement, wherein we are informed, that "the following directions were intended for the conduct of the families of the authoress's own daughters, and for the arrangement of their table." But the young ladies, I suppose, being unable to decypher their mamma's cramp manuscript, or, as puddings and pies were the subject of her pen, "obliged by *hunger* and request of friends," she has consented to roll it into the world in the puff-paste shape of a thick duodecimo. "How rarely," exclaims our authoress, in a pathetick tone, "do we meet with fine melted butter!" This calamity was not overlooked by our immortal bard, whose Moor of Venice bewails his want of that article with tears.

Unused to the *melting mood*,
Dropt tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gums.

And now, reader, having despatched the advertisement, we enter into the vestibule of the temple, the preface, consisting of "Miscellaneous Observations for the use of the Mistress of a Family." It is a good old custom with the race that write, to consider the topick under their immediate discussion, as the most important subject of inquiry that can agitate the feelings of man. Mrs. Barbauld promotes Richardson, without any remorse, over the head of poor Fielding; and Mr. Hayley

would fain make his molehill Cowper overtop Mount Milton. If an author does not appear in earnest, it is all over with him. "How the deuce can you expect me to grieve," says Horace, "if you don't appear to grieve yourself?" The authoress of *Domestick Cookery* was aware of this rule, when she introduced her *Miscellaneous Observations* with a sentence which the hero of Bolt-court himself might not have blushed to pen:

"In every rank those deserve the greatest praise who best acquit themselves of the duties which their station requires. Indeed, this line of conduct is not a matter of choice but of necessity, if we would maintain the dignity of our own characters as rational beings."

When I had proceeded thus far, I hastily turned the leaves, fearing that I had, by mistake, dipped into the *Rambler*; but happening to alight upon a green goose pie, and knowing that the sage had never discussed that topick, I returned to the preface. Our heroine of jams and jellies thus proceeds:

"In the variety of female acquirements, though domestick occupations stand not so high as they formerly did, yet when neglected, they produce much *human misery*." [*Here sighs a jar.*] "There was a time when ladies knew nothing *beyond* their own family concerns." [*Here a goose-pie talks.*] "But in the present day there are many who know nothing *about* them."

Ah, madam, this is a sober truth, though epigrammatically expressed. But, under favour, is it not something like the conceited cook, in the fragment of the Greek comick poet Straton, who says to his master:

What! I speak as Homer does;
And sure a cook may use like privilege,
And more than a blind poet.

But mark the surly answer of the cook's master:

Not with me:

I'll have no kitchen Homers in my house;
So, pray, discharge yourself.

The lady Bountifuls have, I confess, quitted the stage, and the lady Townleys reign in their stead. Who now is so brutal as to expect, that those delicate fingers which, when em-

ployed on the piano-forte, emulate in whiteness the keys they rattle, shall be degraded to crack the claw of a lobster, or squeeze reluctant pickles into a jar? Even in the days of Pope, it was one of the many subjects of complaint of that irritable bard, that Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays.

And though, in the sixty-four years which have elapsed since his death, our wives may have changed their course of reading, yet, it may be doubted, whether they are a whit more wedded to the kitchen than heretofore. The German Mrs. Haller is represented in a mob-cap, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, the keeper of the paradise of pastry; but Mrs. Siddons decorates that frail lady with long drapery, and a yellow muslin turban. Fashion, however, will do much, and as our authoress's *Domestick Cookery* is universally read, let us hope that the modes of life will change, and that it will be as much the rage to stay at home to save money, as it is now to go abroad to spend it.

Our fair purveyor of patty-pans is gifted with that variety of style which, like her own recipes, is calculated to please all palates.

Milton's strong pinions now not Heaven can bound,
Now serpent-like, in prose, he sweeps the ground.

She informs us, that "to make home the sweet refuge of a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world, to be his enlightened companion and the chosen friend of his heart, these, these are women's duties;" and adds, in the same breath, "candles made in cool weather are best." The reader is no sooner apprized that "a pious woman will build up her house before God," than he is told "the price of starch depends upon that of flour." Talents here find themselves placed in the same sentence with treacle; custards are coupled with conjugal fidelity, and moral duties with macaroni. This obliquity of pen, "one eye on earth, the other

fixed on heaven," is the only sure mode of pleasing all readers. It forms the genuine hill and dale of style, and when bounded by a modern meadow of margin, bids fair to circulate through ten editions.

And now, reader, prepare yourself for a lecture on *carving*. "Some people," says our authoress, "*haggle* meat so much as not to be able to help half a dozen persons decently from a large tongue or a surloin of beef; and the *dish* goes away with the appearance of having been gnawed by dogs." Most dogs that have come under my cognizance would be better pleased to gnaw the *meat* than the *dish*; but putting that aside, it must be allowed to be a monstrous thing for the seventh expectant, to be watching for a slice from a surloin which is destined to be wasted on six persons! Our lady, however, must in this instance be considered, as rather hypercritical, few persons being so uninitiated in the mysteries of the blade, as to be unable to carve a tongue or a surloin: But to be placed opposite a pig, a goose, or a hare, and to possess no more skill in the art than the executioner of the duke of Monmouth, is indeed one of the miseries of human life. I most sincerely wish I could transplant these dainties to the pages of this Review; but, since that cannot be, let me at least do all I can, by extracting the rules for dissecting them.

"*Sucking Pig*.—The cook usually decorates the body before it is sent to table, and garnishes the dish with the jaws and ears." [If she do not, she deserves to lose her own ears.] "The first thing is to separate a shoulder from the carcass on one side, and then the leg according to the directions given by the dotted line *a, b, c*. The ribs are then to be divided into about two *helpings*, and an ear or a jaw presented with them, and *plenty of sauce*. The joints may either be divided into two each, or pieces may be cut from them. The ribs are reckoned the finest part, but some people prefer the neck-end between the shoulders." [Here is a difference of opinion between all people and some people, which is left to the arbitration of other people.]

"*Goose*.—Cut off the apron in the circular line *a, b, c*, in the figure opposite the last page, and pour into the body a glass of Port wine and a large tea-spoonful of mustard, first mixed at the side-board. Turn the neck of the goose towards you, and cut the whole breast in long slices, from one wing to another; but only remove them as you help each person, unless the company is so large as to require the legs likewise." [And if the eaters are so many, wo betide the goose; there will be nothing left of it for the next day.] "This way gives more prime bits than by making wings. Take off the leg by putting the fork into the small end of the bone, pressing it to the body, and having passed the knife at *d*, turn the leg back, and, if a young bird, it will easily separate." [Let our army and navy surgeons take notice that this instruction is not meant for them.] "To take off the wing, put your fork into the small end of the pinion, and press it close to the body; then put in the knife at *d* and divide the joint, taking it down in the direction *d, e*. Nothing but practice will enable people to hit the joint exactly at the first trial.* When the leg and wing of one side are done, go on to the other; but it is not often necessary to cut up the whole goose, unless the company be very large. There are two sidebones by the wing, which may be cut off, as likewise the back and lower sidebones: but the best pieces are the breast and the thighs after being divided from the drumsticks."

"*Hare*.—The best way of cutting it up, is to put the point of the knife under the shoulder at *a*, in the figure opposite the next page, and so cut all the way down to the rump on one side of the backbone, in the line *a, b*. Do the same on the other side, so that the whole hare will be divided into three parts. Cut the back part into four, which, with the legs, is the part most esteemed. The shoulders must be cut off in a circular line, as *c, d, a*; lay the pieces neatly on the dish as you cut them, and then help the company, giving some pudding and gravy to every person.† This way can only be

* The clear meaning of this remark is, that, if you are perfected by practice, you will *hit the joint exactly at the first trial*, though you never tried before.

† The impartiality of this hospitable lady, in giving *pudding* to every person, whether they like it or like it not, is truly amiable, and of a piece with that species of boarding-school benevolence which pla-

practised when the hare is young : if old, don't divide it down, which will require a strong arm" [a sly hint at the weakness of her readers] "but put the knife between the leg and back, and give it a little turn inwards at the joint, which you must endeavour to hit and not to break by force. When both legs are taken off, there is a *fine collop* on each side the back" [we all love a slice from poor puss ;—This is indeed the hare and many friends] "then divide the back into as many pieces as you please, and take off the shoulders, which are by many preferred, and are called the sportsman's pieces.† When every one is helped, cut off the head" [and take it to yourself] "put your knife between the upper and lower jaw, and divide them, which will enable you to lay the upper flat on your plate, then put the point of the knife into the centre, and cut the head in two. The *ears* and *brains* may be helped then to those who like them."

By the way, the same individual has seldom a penchant for *both*. Our noble patronizers of the Italian opera have nice ears and no brains, and many a sinister limb of the law has a plentiful stock of brains and no ears.

Here is a body of rules, scientifically laid down, like the figure of a country dance, by right and left, leading out sides, and galloping down the middle, by a study of which the enlightened reader, when a goose or hare is before him,

May *CARVE* it like a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew it like a carcase for the hounds.

It is to be feared, however, that this, to many readers, is all Algebra, without the aid of the dotted engravings, which, by the way, are so badly executed, that it may be safely said, never were such good dinners served up on such indifferent *plates*. To those, however, who do not comprehend them, the utility of the above extracts is too obvious to render any apology necessary ; and would to pro-

ees pudding as a grace before meat, and obliges the young student to wade through a slough of rice or suet, before he can revel in the joys of beef or mutton.

† A hint from Horace—viz.

Sapiens sectabitur armos.

By which we learn that *SAPIENS* is Latin for a sportsman.

priety that certain ladies and gentlemen would take their degrees in this culinary college ere they pretend to carve for themselves! "Can none remember, yes I know all must," some one of his acquaintance whose zeal to do the honours of the table is as intense as that of a missionary to visit the coast of Africa, and who is about as well skilled in the science he professes to teach? Give such a man the hundred hands of Briareus, and he would gladly dissect a whole city feast at a single sitting. With a generosity peculiar to himself, he dispenses the gravy over the faces and waistcoats of his fellow guests, leaving the poor goose or duck as dry as a Scotch metaphysical essay. When a man of this stamp thrusts his fork into the breast of a woodcock, the company present express as much alarm as if the bird were alive.—"Let no such man be trusted." What a fine subject for a didactic poem is *carving*! What is Mr. Godwin about? It is well known he addresses his writs to the late sheriff of London, who, upon such an occasion, would doubtless usher the bantling to light. It is true the worthy knight eats no meat himself, since he eat up the heifer ; but is that a reason why he should be unmindful of those that do?

But as humanity is the brightest jewel in a lady's tiara, it grieves me to be obliged to reprehend, in the most unqualified terms, the following receipt to make hare soup—page 104 : "Take an old hare that is good for nothing else, cut it into pieces," &c. Fie, madam! are these your fine feelings? Sterne, who wept over a dead jackass, like any sandman, would never have forgiven you. Mr. Southey, mounted on old Poulter's mare, will *vilipend* you through a whole Thalabia. Is this your respect for age? Suppose some giant of the Monk Lewis breed, having a penchant for human flesh, were to seize you in his paws, and utter this culinary dictum : "Take an old wo-

man that is good for nothing else, cut her into pieces," &c. Gentle lady, would you like to be served so yourself?

"Order is heaven's first law," quoth the poet of reason; and as good eating is a heaven on earth to so many respectable natives of London, it can excite no surprise that our dictatrix from the pantry has prefixed to her work an ample and well arranged table of contents, dividing her subject into thirteen parts, embracing every dainty that can tickle the human palate. She commences with the scaly tenants of the flood, and ends with receipts to prevent hay from firing, to wash old deeds, to preserve a head of hair, and to dye gloves to look like York tan or Limerick. What an excursive fancy are some ladies blessed with! A limb of the law might call the latter part of this division *travelling out of the record*, but surely without due consideration.—*Tempus EDAX rerum*, is a precept, old as the hills. Now as it is well known that the old gentleman will now and then nibble a lady's glove, "then her flowing hair," or gnaw the title deeds of her husband's estate, why should not his food be treated of as well as ours? Nor let any carping critick condemn her dissertation on home-brewery and sauces as too prolix. The evils that spring from inattention to these articles are more numerous than the woes that sprang from the wrath of the son of Peleus. I will not repeat the well known catastrophe at Salt-hill; death, in that case, was a welcome visiter to snatch eight unfortunate gentlemen from the calamity of an illcooked repast. But I will put it to the recollection of the majority of my readers, whether they are not in the habit of dining with some individual, whom nature seems to have manufactured without a palate. If you ask the footman of such an unhappy being for bread, you receive something possessing the consistence of a stone. His turbot has all the

dignity of age, his Port wine all the fire of youth. With an anxious forefinger and a disappointed thumb, you turn up his fish-cruets one by one, and find that they resemble the pitchers of the Belides. His champagne is a copartnership of tar-water and treacle, and his lobster-sauce is so alarmingly congealed as to be fitter for Salmon's wax-work than for salmon! These are the trials of human fortitude! Talk of Job scolded by his wife, or Cato pent up in Utica—psha! How different the taste and establishment of the renowned Decius! He is an assiduous frequenter of the Tabernacle, where he ponders on the joys to come—when the dinner hour arrives. His thoughts are revolving, not on the new birth, but on the new spit, which kindly roasts his venison without wounding it. If the afternoon service happen to extend beyond the usual period, then may Decius be seen to issue from his pew, like the lioness from her den. Not having the fear of repletion before his eyes, but moved and instigated by an overroasted haunch, he darts through the aisle, and knocks down the intervening babes of grace like so many piping ninepins.

Such is the laudable zeal of a man whose ruling passion floats in a tureen of mock turtle, and yet, so unsatisfactory are all sublunary enjoyments, it may sometimes be doubted whether the rearing of such costly pyramids of food be worth the founder's trouble. Goldsmith somewhere expresses a strong objection to two thousand pounds a year, because they will not procure a man two appetites; and another starveling son of the muses, in his fable of the Court of Death, seems to insinuate, that intemperance may, in time, injure the constitution. Certain it is, that three deadly foes to the disciple of Epicurus, entitled Plethora, Apoplexy, and bilious Gout, are often found to lie *perdu* beneath a masked battery of French paste, and, crossing the course of the voluptuary, like the weird sis-

ters in the path of the benighted Thane, so annoy him, even when seated on that throne of human felicity, a tavern-chair, as to make it a moot point whether it was worth his while to wade through the blood of so many animals to attain it.

Mark what Alixis, a Greek poet says :

Oh, that Nature
Might quit us of this overbearing bur-
then,
This tyrant god, the belly ! Take that
from us,
With all its bestial appetites, and man,
Exonerated man, shall be all soul.

A truce, however, to these unpalatable reflections, and let us revert to more agreeable topicks. The due arrangement of a dinner table is not so easy a matter as some folks imagine. Every one recollects the anecdote of the Gray's-Inn Student, who entertained his guests, consisting of two pining old maids and a bilious nabob, with boiled tripe at top, boiled tripe at bottom, and a round of beef, garnished with parsnips, in the centre. Any man possessed of mo-

ney, may give a dinner, but, to give a proper one, requires both taste and fancy ; and as those two ingredients are not always discernible in the *tout ensemble* of a son of Plutus, our authoress has kindly supplied their place, by inventing a scale of dinners suited to all pockets ; loading the stomachs of her readers, as Lock-it clogged the ankles of his customers, with fetters of all prices, from one guinea to ten. An abridgment of this part of the work could only have the effect of lopping off its merits ; I shall content myself, therefore, with touching the two extremes ; extracting, in the first place, that sort of plain, family dinner which a man produces when he means to treat you like a *friend*, though, alas ! it has more the appearance of treating you like an *enemy* ; and, in the next place, I shall lay before my readers a collection of good things, which might compose a lord mayor's feast, worthy to be given by the late to the present incumbent.

Five Dishes.

Apple Sauce.	Knuckle of Veal, stewed with Rice.	Potatoes.
	Bread and Butter Pudding.	
	Loin of Pork roasted.	

A very indifferent repast, at all events ; but take heed to the roasting of your pork, for *Tom Browne*, of facetious memory, made a dinner for the devil, in which he gave him undone-pork for his top dish.

Long Table once covered.

	Fish.	
Fruit Tart	One Turkey, or two Poults.	Blanc-mange.
	Mock Turtle Soup.	Sweetbreads larded.
Harico.	Jerusalem Artichokes fricassied.	Stewed Spinach.
Mash Turnips.		
Carrots thick round.	Savory Cake.	Dried Salmon in papers.
Cray Fish.	Maccaroni Pudding.	Chickens.
	Trifle.	
	French Pie.	Picked Crab.
Ham bruised.	Stewed Celery.	
Casserole of Rice, with Giblets.	Apple Pie and Custard.	Ox Rumps and Spanish Onions.
Fricandeau.		Cheesecakes.
Jelly form.	Rich white Soup.	
	Fish.	

(Remove—Venison or Loin of Veal.)

It is now time to close the present article, for the length of which, no-thing but the extreme importance of the subject can atone. With a trem-

bling pen, I have ventured to touch upon the science of luxurious eating, of which, it must be confessed, my knowledge is derived rather from theory than practice, and in which, therefore, it is highly probable I have committed some mistakes. Shades of Apicius, Darteneuf, and Quin, forgive me if I have erred! Our journey, gentle reader, has been through a delightful country, recalling to our recollection the juvenile tale of Miranda, or the Royal Ram; inasmuch as we are credibly informed, that the air within the blissful domains of that woolly potentate, was darkened with showers of tarts and cheesecakes. Let me entreat thee to repair, without loss of time, to the shop of Mr. John Murray, of Fleet Street, where,

for seven shillings and sixpence, thou mayest purchase the work of which I have furnished thee with a sort of hashed analysis. Then, if thou art a man of taste, thou wilt order a dainty repast, after the fashion of one of those enumerated within the precincts of pages 312 and 320; and then, when thy envious covers are snatched off by a skilful domestick, and a steam ascends which might gratify the nose of Jove himself, and make him lean from Olympus to smell, I hope thou wilt, as in duty bound, exclaim in the words of the pious king Cymbeline:

Laud we the gods,
And let the crooked smoke climb to their
nostrils
From our blest altars.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Woman; or, Ida of Athens.* By Miss Owenson, author of "The Wild Irish Girl," "The Novice of St. Dominick," &c. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1809.—Philadelphia, republished by Bradford and Inskeep, 2 vols. 12mo. 1809.

"BACHANTES, animated with Orphean fury, slinging their serpents in the air, striking their cymbals, and uttering dithyrambicks, appeared to surround him on every side." p. 5.

"That modesty which is of soul, seemed to diffuse itself over a form, whose exquisite symmetry was at once betrayed and concealed by the apparent tissue of woven air, which fell like a vapour round her." p. 23.

"Like Aurora, the extremities of her delicate limbs were rosed with flowing hues, and her little foot, as it pressed its naked beauty on a scarlet cushion, resembled that of a youthful Thetis from its blushing tints, or that of a fugitive Atalanta from its height," &c. &c. p. 53.

After repeated attempts to comprehend the meaning of these, and a hundred similar conundrums, in the compass of half as many pages, we gave them up in despair; and were carelessly turning the leaves of the volume backward and forward, when the following passage, in a short note "to the Reader," caught

* For another review of this work, taken from the Monthly Review, and giving a less unfavourable account of it, see vol. I. of the Select Reviews, p. 394.

our eye. "My little works have been always printed from *illegible* manuscripts in one country, while their author was resident in another." p. vi. We have been accustomed to overlook these introductory gossipings: in future, however, we shall be more circumspect; since it is evident, that if we had read straight forward from the title page, we should have escaped a very severe headach.

The matter seems now sufficiently clear. The printer having to produce four volumes from a manuscript, of which he could not read a word, performed his task to the best of his power; and fabricated the requisite number of lines, by shaking the types out of the boxes at a venture. The work must, therefore, be considered as a kind of overgrown *amphigouri*, a heterogeneous combination of events, which, pretending to no meaning, may be innocently permitted to surprise for a moment, and then dropt for ever.

If, however, which is possible, the author, like Caliban (we beg Miss

Owenson's pardon) "cannot endue her purpose with words that make it known;" but, by *illegible*, means *what may be read*, and is, consequently, in earnest; the case is somewhat altered, and we must endeavour to make out the story.

Ida of Athens, a Greek girl, half ancient and half modern, falls desperately in love with a young slave; and, when he is defeated and taken prisoner, in a fray more ridiculously begun and ended than the wars of Tom Thum the Great, marries a "Disdar-aga," to save his life. This simple personage, instead of taking possession of his bride, whom he has "placed on an ottoman of down," *coulleur de rose*, rushes from the apartment "to see a noise which he heard:" and has scarcely thrust his head out of the street door, when, to his inexpressible amazement, it is dexterously sliced off "by an agent of the Porte;"* and Ida, without waiting for her thirds, runs joyfully home to her father. Meanwhile the Greek slave, who had, somewhat unpolitely, looked through the Disdar-aga's "casement," and seen Ida in his arms, very naturally takes it in dudgeon, and enrolls himself among the Janissaries. Ida, on her side, having no engagement on her hands, falls in love with an English traveller, who offers her a settlement, which she very modestly rejects. A long train of wo succeeds. Her father is stripped of his property, and thrown into a dungeon; from which he is delivered by the Janissary on duty (the prying lover of Ida) who, without making himself known, assists them to quit the country, and embark for England. "They launch into the Archipelago, that interesting sea, so precious to the soul of genius;" iv. p. 45, and after many hair-breadth 'scapes, arrive in London. Here they are cheated, robbed, and insulted by eve-

ry body; and the father, after being several days without food, is dragged to a spunging house, where he expires! Ida runs frantically through the streets, and falls into the arms of the English traveller, who is now become a lord, and very gallantly renews his offers, which are again rejected. In consequence of an advertisement in the publick papers, Ida discovers a rich uncle, who dies very opportunely, and leaves her "the most opulent heiress of Great Britain."

The fair Greek abuses her prosperity; but before her fortune and reputation are quite gone, the slave makes his appearance once more—not as a Janissary, but as a general officer in the Russian service; and being now convinced that the familiarity of the Disdar-aga led to no unseemly consequence, marries his quondam mistress *for good and all*, and carries her to Russia, "a country congenial by its climate to her delicate constitution and luxurious habits; and by its character, to her tender, sensitive and fanciful disposition!" iv. p. 286.

Such is the story, which may be dismissed as merely foolish; but the sentiments and language must not escape quite so easily. The latter is an inflated jargon, composed of terms picked up in all countries, and wholly irreducible to any ordinary rules of grammar or sense. The former are mischievous in tendency, and profligate in principle, licentious and irreverent in the highest degree. To revelation, Miss Owenson manifests a singular antipathy. It is the subject of many profound diatribes, which want nothing but meaning to be decisive. Yet Miss Owenson is not without an object of worship. She makes no account, indeed, of the Creator of the universe, unless to swear by his name; but, in return, she manifests a prodigious respect for something that she dignifies with the name of Nature, which, it seems, governs the world; and, as

* Wrong:—he turns sick as he is running after "the Capadilger Keayassa," and dies in a ditch.—See vol. iii. p. 143.

Printer's Devil.

we gather from her creed, is to be honoured by libertinism in the women, disloyalty in the men, and atheism in both.

This young lady, as we conclude from her introduction, is the *enfanté* of a particular circle, who see, in her constitutional sprightliness, marks of genius, and encourage her dangerous propensity to publication. She has evidently written more than she has read, and read more than she has thought. But this is beginning at the wrong end. If we were happy enough to be in her confidence, we should advise the immediate purchase of a spelling book, of which she stands in great need; to this, in

due process of time, might be added a pocket dictionary. She might then take a few easy lessons in "joined-hand," in order to become legible. If, after this, she could be persuaded to exchange her idle raptures for common sense; practise a little self-denial; and gather a few precepts of humility from an old-fashioned book, which, although it does not seem to have lately fallen in her way, may yet, we think, be found in some corner of her study; she might then hope to prove, not indeed a good writer of novels, but a useful friend, a faithful wife, a tender mother, and a respectable and happy mistress of a family.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Reliques of Robert Burns, consisting chiefly of Original Letters, Poems, and Critical Observations on Scottish Songs. Collected and published by R. H. Cromek. 8vo. pp. 450. London. 1808.—Philadelphia, republished by Bradford and Inskeep, 1809.

BURNS is certainly by far the greatest of our poetical prodigies—from Stephen Duck down to Thomas Dermody. *They* are forgotten already; or only remembered for derision. But the name of Burns, if we are not mistaken, has not yet "gathered all its fame;" and will endure long after those circumstances are forgotten which contributed to its first notoriety. So much, indeed, are we impressed with a sense of his merits, that we cannot help thinking it a derogation from them to consider him as a prodigy at all; and are convinced that he will never be rightly estimated as a poet, till that vulgar wonder be entirely repressed which was raised on his having been a ploughman. It is true, no doubt, that he was born in a humble station, and that much of his early life was devoted to severe labour, and to the society of his fellow labourers. But he was not himself either uneducated or illiterate; and was placed, perhaps, in a situation more favourable to the development of great poetical talents, than any

other which could have been assigned him. He was taught, at a very early age, to read and write; and soon after acquired a competent knowledge of French, together with the elements of Latin and geometry. His taste for reading was encouraged by his parents and many of his associates; and, before he had ever composed a single stanza, he was not only familiar with many prose writers, but far more intimately acquainted with Pope, Shakspeare, and Thomson, than nine tenths of the youth that leave school for the university. These authors, indeed, with some old collections of songs, and the lives of Hannibal and of sir William Wallace, were his habitual study from the first days of his childhood; and, cooperating with the solitude of his rural occupations, were sufficient to rouse his ardent and ambitious mind to the love and the practice of poetry. He had as much scholarship, we imagine, as Shakspeare, and far better models to form his ear to harmony, and train his fancy to graceful invention.

We ventured, on a former occasion, to say something of the effects of regular education, and of the general diffusion of literature, in repressing the vigour and originality of all kinds of mental exertion. That speculation was, perhaps, carried somewhat too far; but if the paradox have proof any where, it is in its application to poetry. Among well educated people, the standard writers of this description are at once so venerated and so familiar, that it is thought equally impossible to rival them, and to write verses without attempting it. If there be one degree of fame which excites emulation, there is another which leads to despair; nor can we conceive any one less likely to add one to the short list of original poets, than a young man of fine fancy and delicate taste, who has acquired a high relish for poetry, by perusing the most celebrated writers, and conversing with the most intelligent judges. The head of such a person is filled, of course, with all the splendid passages of ancient and modern authors, and with the fine and fastidious remarks which have been made even on these passages. When he turns his eyes, therefore, on his own conceptions, they can scarcely fail to appear rude and contemptible. He is perpetually haunted and depressed by the ideal presence of those great masters and their exacting criticks. He is aware to what comparisons his productions will be subjected among his own friends and associates; and recollects the derision with which so many rash adventurers have been chased back to their obscurity. Thus, the merit of his great predecessors chills, instead of encouraging his ardour; and the illustrious names which have already reached to the summit of excellence, act like the tall and spreading trees of the forest, which overshadow and strangle the saplings which have struck root in the soil below,—and afford shelter to nothing but creepers and parasites.

There is, no doubt, in some few individuals, “that strong divinity of soul,”—that decided and irresistible vocation to glory, which, in spite of all these obstructions, calls out, perhaps, once or twice in a century, a bold and original poet from the herd of scholars and academical literati. But the natural tendency of their studies, and by far the most common operation, is to repress originality, and discourage enterprise; and either to change those whom nature meant for poets, into mere readers of poetry, or to bring them out in the form of witty parodists, or ingenious imitators. Independent of the reasons which have been already suggested, it will, perhaps, be found too, that necessity is the mother of invention in this as well as in the more vulgar arts; or, at least, that inventive genius will frequently slumber in inaction, where preceding ingenuity has in part supplied the wants of the owner. A solitary and uninstructed man, with lively feelings and an inflammable imagination, will be easily led to exercise those gifts, and to occupy and relieve his mind in poetical composition; but if his education, his reading, and his society supply him with an abundant store of images and emotions, he will probably think but little of these internal resources, and feed his mind contentedly with what has been provided by the industry of others.

To say nothing, therefore, of the distractions and the dissipation of mind that belong to the commerce of the world, nor of the cares of minute accuracy and high finishing which are imposed on the professed scholar, there seem to be deeper reasons for the separation of originality and accomplishment; and for the partiality which has led poetry to choose almost all her favourites among the recluse and uninstructed. A youth of quick parts, in short, and creative fancy,—with just so much reading as to guide his ambition, and rough-hew his notions of excellence,—if his lot

be thrown in humble retirement, where he has no reputation to lose, and where he can easily hope to excel all that he sees around him, is much more likely, we think, to give himself up to poetry, and to train himself to habits of invention, than if he had been encumbered by the pretended helps of extended study and literary society.

If these observations should fail to strike of themselves, they may, perhaps, derive additional weight from considering the very remarkable fact, that almost all the great poets of every country have appeared in an early stage of their history, and in a period comparatively rude and unlettered. Homer went forth like the morning star before the dawn of literature in Greece; and almost all the great and sublime poets of modern Europe are already between two and three hundred years old. Since that time, although books, and readers, and opportunities of reading are multiplied a thousand fold, we have improved chiefly in point and terseness of expression, in the art of raillery, and in clearness and simplicity of thought. Force, richness, and variety of invention are now at least as rare as ever. But the literature and refinement of the age does not exist at all for a rustick and illiterate individual; and, consequently, the present time is to him what the rude times of old were to the vigorous writers which adorned them.

But though, for these and for other reasons, we can see no propriety in regarding the poetry of Burns chiefly as the wonderful work of a peasant, and thus admiring it much in the same way as if it had been written with his toes; yet there are peculiarities in his works which remind us of the lowness of his origin, and faults for which the defects of his education afford an obvious cause, if not a legitimate apology. In forming a correct estimate of these works, it is necessary to take into account those peculiarities.

The first is, the undisciplined harshness and acrimony of his invective. The great boast of polished life is the delicacy, and even the generosity of its hostility,—that quality which is still the characteristick, as it is the denomination, of a gentleman,—that principle which forbids us to attack the defenceless, to strike the fallen, or to mangle the slain,—and enjoins us, in forging the shafts of satire, to increase the polish exactly as we add to their keenness or their weight. For this, as well as for other things, we are indebted to chivalry; and of this Burns had none. His ingenious and amiable biographer has spoken repeatedly in praise of his talents for satire,—we think, with a most unhappy partiality. His epigrams and lampoons appear to us, one and all, unworthy of him;—offensive from their extreme coarseness and violence,—and contemptible from their want of wit or brilliancy. They seem to have been written, not out of playful malice or virtuous indignation; but out of fierce and ungovernable anger. His whole raillery consists in railing; and his satirical vein displays itself chiefly in calling names and in swearing. We say this mainly with a reference to his personalities. In many of his more general representations of life and manners, there is, no doubt, much that may be called satirical, mixed up with admirable humour, and description of inimitable vivacity.

There is a similar want of polish, or at least of respectfulness, in the general tone of his gallantry. He has written with more passion, perhaps, and more variety of natural feeling, on the subject of love, than any other poet whatsoever,—but with a fervour that is sometimes indelicate, and seldom accommodated to the timidity and “sweet, austere composure” of women of refinement. He has expressed admirably the feelings of an enamoured peasant, who, however refined or eloquent he may be, always approaches his mistress on a footing

of equality ; but has never caught that tone of chivalrous gallantry which uniformly abases itself in the presence of the object of its devotion. Accordingly, instead of suing for a smile, or melting in a tear, his muse deals in nothing but locked embraces and midnight rencontres ; and, even in his complimentary effusions to ladies of the highest rank, is for straining them to the bosom of their impetuous votary. It is easy, accordingly, to see from his correspondence, that many of his female patronesses shrunk from the vehement familiarity of his admiration ; and there are even some traits in the volumes before us, from which we can gather, that he resented the shyness and estrangement to which these feelings gave rise, with at least as little chivalry as he had shown in producing them.

But the leading vice in Burns's character, and the cardinal deformity, indeed, of all his productions, was his contempt, or affectation of contempt, for prudence, decency, and regularity ; and his admiration of thoughtlessness, oddity, and vehement sensibility ;—his belief, in short, in the *dispensing power* of genius and social feeling, in all matters of morality and common sense. This is the very slang of the worst German plays, and the lowest of our town made novels ; nor can any thing be more lamentable, than that it should have found a patron in such a man as Burns, and communicated to a great part of his productions a character of immorality, at once contemptible and hateful. It is but too true, that men of the highest genius have frequently been hurried by their passions into a violation of prudence and duty ; and there is something generous, at least, in the apology which their admirers may make for them, on the score of their keener feelings and habitual want of reflection. But this apology, which is quite unsatisfactory in the mouth of another, becomes an insult and an absurdity whenever it pro-

ceeds from their own. A man may say of his friend, that he is a noble-hearted fellow,—too generous to be just, and with too much spirit to be always prudent and regular. But he cannot be allowed to say even this of himself ; and still less to represent himself as a hairbrained, sentimental soul, constantly carried away by fine fancies and visions of love and philanthropy, and born to confound and despise the cold blooded sons of prudence and sobriety. This apology evidently destroys itself ; for it shows that conduct to be the result of deliberate system, which it affects at the same time to justify as the fruit of mere thoughtlessness and casual impulse. Such protestations, therefore, will always be treated, as they deserve, not only with contempt, but with incredulity ; and their magnanimous authors set down as determined profligates, who seek to disguise their selfishness under a name somewhat less revolting. That profligacy is almost always selfishness, and that the excuse of impetuous feeling can hardly ever be justly pleaded for those who neglect the ordinary duties of life, must be apparent, we think, even to the least reflecting of those sons of fancy and song. It requires no habit of deep thinking, nor any thing more, indeed, than the information of an honest heart, to perceive that it is cruel and base to spend, in vain superfluities, that money which belongs of right to the pale, industrious tradesman and his famishing infants ; or that it is a vile prostitution of language, to talk of that man's generosity or goodness of heart, who sits raving about friendship and philanthropy in a tavern, while his wife's heart is breaking at her cheerless fireside, and his children pining in solitary poverty.

This pitiful cant of careless feeling and eccentric genius, accordingly, has never found much favour in the eyes of English sense and morality. The most signal effect which it ever produced, was on the muddy brains

of some German youth, who left college in a body to rob on the highway, because Schiller had represented the captain of a gang as so very noble a creature.—But in this country, we believe, a predilection for that honourable profession must have preceded this admiration of the character. The style we have been speaking of, accordingly, is now the heroicks only of the hulks and the house of correction; and has no chance, we suppose, of being greatly admired, except in the farewell speech of a young gentleman preparing for Botany Bay.

It is humiliating to think how deeply Burns has fallen into this debasing error. He is perpetually making a parade of his thoughtlessness, inflammability, and imprudence, and talking, with much complacency and exultation, of the offence he has occasioned to the sober and correct part of mankind. This odious slang infects almost all his prose, and a very great proportion of his poetry; and is, we are persuaded, the chief, if not the only source of the disgust with which, in spite of his genius, we know that he is regarded by many very competent and liberal judges. His apology, too, we are willing to believe, is to be found in the original lowness of his situation, and the slightness of his acquaintance with the world. With his talents and powers of observation, he could not have seen *much* of the beings who echoed this raving, without feeling for them that distrust and contempt which would have made him blush to think he had ever stretched over them the protecting shield of his genius.

Akin to this most lamentable trait of vulgarity, and, indeed, in some measure arising out of it, is that perpetual boast of his own independence, which is obtruded upon the readers of Burns in almost every page of his writings. The sentiment itself is noble, and it is often finely expressed;—but a gentleman would only have expressed it

when he was insulted or provoked; and would never have made it a spontaneous theme to those friends in whose estimation he felt that his honour stood clear. It is mixed up too, in Burns, with too fierce a tone of defiance; and indicates rather the pride of a sturdy peasant, than the calm and natural elevation of a generous mind.

The last of the symptoms of rusticity which we think it necessary to notice in the works of this extraordinary man, is that frequent mistake of mere exaggeration and violence for force and sublimity, which has defaced so much of his prose composition, and given an air of heaviness and labour to a good deal of his serious poetry. The truth is, that his *forte* was in humour and in pathos—or rather in tenderness of feeling; and that he has very seldom succeeded, either where mere wit and sprightliness, or where great energy and weight of sentiment were requisite. He had evidently a very false and crude notion of what constitutes *strength* of writing; and instead of that simple and brief directness which stamps the character of vigour upon every syllable, has generally had recourse to a mere accumulation of hyperbolical expressions, which encumber the diction instead of exalting it, and show the determination to be impressive, without the power of executing it. This error also we are inclined to ascribe entirely to the defects of his education. The value of simplicity in the expression of passion is a lesson, we believe, of nature and of genius;—but its importance in mere grave and impressive writing is one of the latest discoveries of rhetorical experience.

With the allowances and exceptions we have now stated, we think Burns entitled to the rank of a great and original genius. He has, in all his compositions, great force of conception; and great spirit and animation in its expression. He has taken a large range through the region of

fancy, and naturalized himself in almost all her climates. He has great humour; great powers of description; great pathos; and great discrimination of character. Almost every thing that he says has spirit and originality; and every thing that he says well, is characterized by a charming facility, which gives a grace even to occasional rudeness, and communicates to the reader a delightful sympathy with the spontaneous soaring and conscious inspiration of the poet.

Considering the reception which these works have met with from the publick, and the long period during which the greater part of them have been in their possession, it may appear superfluous to say any thing as to their characteristick or peculiar merit. Though the ultimate judgment of the publick, however, be always sound, or at least decisive, as to its general result, it is not always very apparent upon what grounds it has proceeded; nor in consequence of what, or in spite of what, it has been obtained. In Burns's works there is much to censure, as well as much to praise; and as time has not yet separated his ore from its dross, it may be worth while to state, in a very general way, what we presume to anticipate as the result of this separation. Without pretending to enter at all into the comparative merit of particular passages, we may venture to lay it down as our opinion,—that his poetry is far superiour to his prose; that his Scottish compositions are greatly to be preferred to his English ones; and that his songs will probably outlive all his other productions. A very few remarks on each of these subjects will comprehend almost all that we have to say of the volumes now before us.

The prose works of Burns consist, almost entirely, of his letters. They bear, as well as his poetry, the seal and the impress of his genius; but they contain much more bad taste, and are written with far more

apparent labour. His poetry was almost all written primarily from feeling, and only secondarily from ambition. His letters seem to have been nearly all composed as exercises, and for display. There are few of them written with simplicity or plainness; and though natural enough as to the sentiment, they are generally very strained and elaborate in the expression. A very great proportion of them, too, relate neither to facts nor feelings peculiarly connected with the author or his correspondent; but are made up of general declamation, moral reflections, and vague discussions,—all evidently composed for the sake of effect, and frequently introduced with long complaints of having nothing to say, and of the necessity and difficulty of letter-writing.

By far the best of these compositions are such as we should consider as exceptions from this general character, such as contain some specific information as to himself, or are suggested by events or observations directly applicable to his correspondent. One of the best, perhaps, is that addressed to Dr. Moore, containing an account of his early life, of which Dr. Currie has made such a judicious use in his biography. It is written with great clearness and characteristick effect, and contains many touches of easy humour and natural eloquence. We are struck, as we open the book accidentally, with the following original application of a classical image, by this unlettered rustick. Talking of the first vague aspirations of his own gigantic mind, he says—we think very finely: “I had felt some early stirrings of ambition; but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclop round the walls of his cave.” Of his other letters, those addressed to Mrs. Dunlop are, in our opinion, by far the best. He appears, from first to last, to have stood somewhat in awe of this excellent lady, and to have been no less sensible of her sound judgment

and strict sense of propriety, than of her steady and generous partiality. The following passage, we think, is striking and characteristick.

"I own myself so little a presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superiour to mere machinery.

"This day, the first Sunday of May; a breezy, blue-skied noon, some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm, sunny day about the end, of autumn;—these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holyday.

"I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the Spectator, 'The Vision of Mirza;' a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables. 'On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.'

"We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls: so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild briar-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod?" II. p. 195—197.

To this we may add the following passage, as a part, indeed, of the same picture.

"There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which

exalts me—something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion. My mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to *Him*, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' II. p. 11.

The following is one of the best and most striking of a whole series of eloquent hypochondriasm.

"After six weeks confinement, I am beginning to walk across the room. They have been six horrible weeks;—anguish, and low spirits made me unfit to read, write, or think.

"I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life as an officer resigns a commission: for I would not *take in* any poor, ignorant wretch, by *selling out*. Lately I was a sixpenny private; and, God knows, a miserable soldier enough. Now I march to the campaign, a starving cadet,—a little more conspicuously wretched.

"I am ashamed of all this; for though I do want bravery for the warfare of life, I could wish, like some other soldiers, to have as much fortitude or cunning as to dissemble or conceal my cowardice." II. p. 127—128.

One of the most striking letters in the collection, and, to us, one of the most interesting, is the earliest of the whole series; being addressed to his father in 1781, six or seven years before his name had been heard of out of his own family. The author was then a common flax-dresser, and his father a poor peasant. Yet there is not one trait of vulgarity, either in the thought or the expression; but, on the contrary, a dignity and elevation of sentiment, which must have been considered as of good omen in a youth of much higher condition. The letter is as follows.

"Honoured Sir,—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year's day; but work comes so hard upon us, that I do not choose to be absent on that account, as well as for some other little reasons, which I shall tell you at meeting. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and, on the whole, I am rather better than otherwise, though I

mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past wants, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast, produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought, that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and, if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

The soul, uneasy, and confined at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

"It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelation, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me; which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which, I hope, have been remembered ere it is yet too late." I. p. 99—101.

Before proceeding to take any particular notice of his poetical compositions, we must apprize our southern readers, that all his best pieces are written in Scotch; and that it is impossible for them to form any adequate judgment of their merits, without a pretty long residence among those who still use that language. To be able to translate the words, is but a small part of the knowledge that is necessary. The whole genius and idiom of the language must be familiar; and the characters, and habits, and associations of those who

speak it. We beg leave too, in passing, to observe, that this Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect,—the vehicle only of rustick vulgarity and rude local humour. It is the language of a whole country,—long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life,—and with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals throughout their whole existence; and, if it be true that, in later times, it has been, in some measure, laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected, in their imagination, not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colours of remembered childhood and domestick affection. All its phrases conjure up images of school-day innocence, and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyrick compositions that are extant, and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon. In composing his Scottish poems, therefore, Burns did not make an instinctive and necessary use of the only dialect he could employ. The last letter which we have quoted, proves, that before he had penned a single couplet, he could write in the dialect of England with

far greater purity and propriety than nine tenths of those who are called well educated in that country. He wrote in Scotch, because the writings which he most aspired to imitate were composed in that language; and it is evident, from the variations preserved by Dr. Currie, that he took much greater pains with the beauty and purity of his expressions in Scotch than in English; and, every one who understands both, must admit, with infinitely better success.

We have said that Burns is almost equally distinguished for his tenderness and his humour:—we might have added, for a faculty of combining them both in the same subject, not altogether without parallel in the older poets and balladmakers, but altogether singular, we think, among modern criticks. The passages of pure humour are entirely Scottish, —and untranslatable. They consist in the most picturesque representations of life and manners, enlivened, and even exalted by traits of exquisite sagacity, and unexpected reflection. His tenderness is of two sorts; that which is combined with circumstances and characters of humble, and sometimes ludicrous simplicity; and that which is produced by gloomy and distressful impressions acting on a mind of keen sensibility. The passages which belong to the former description are, we think, the most exquisite and original, and, in our estimation, indicate the greatest and most amiable turn of genius; both as being accompanied by fine and feeling pictures of humble life, and as requiring that delicacy, as well as justness of conception, by which alone the fastidiousness of an ordinary reader can be reconciled to such representations. The exquisite description of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," affords, perhaps, the finest example of this sort of pathetick. Its whole beauty cannot, indeed, be discerned but by those whom experience has enabled to judge of the

admirable fidelity and completeness of the picture.

The sensibility which is associated with simple imagery and gentle melancholy, is to us the most winning and attractive. But Burns has also expressed it when it is merely the instrument of torture, of keen remorse and tender, agonizing regret. There are some strong traits of the former feeling, in the poems entitled the Lament, Despondency, &c. when, looking back to the times

"When love's luxurious pulse beat high," he bewails the consequences of his own irregularities. There is something cumbrous and inflated, however, in the diction of these pieces. We are infinitely more moved with his Elegy upon Highland Mary. Of this first love of the poet, we are indebted to Mr. Cromek for a brief, but very striking account, from the pen of the poet himself. In a note on an early song inscribed to this mistress, he had recorded in a manuscript book.

"My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock; where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." V. p. 237-8.

Mr. Cromek has added, in a note, the following interesting particulars, though without specifying the authority upon which he details them.

"This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustick sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limped stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their

vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again!

"The anniversary of *Mary Campbell's* death (for that was her name) awakening in the sensitive mind of *Burns* the most lively emotion, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered, solitary, on the banks of the Nith, and about the farm yard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly the whole of the night. His agitation was so great, that he threw himself on the side of a corn stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy—his address *To Mary in Heaven*. V. p. 238.

Of his pieces of humour, the tale of *Tam o' Shanter* is probably the best: though there are traits of infinite merit in *Scotch Drink*, the *Holy Fair*, the *Hallow E'en*, and several of the songs; in all of which, it is very remarkable, that he rises occasionally into a strain of beautiful description or lofty sentiment, far above the pitch of his original conception. The poems of observation on life and characters, are the *Twa Dogs*, and the various epistles, all of which show very extraordinary sagacity and powers of expression. They are written, however, in so broad a dialect, that we dare not venture to quote any part of them. The only pieces that can be classed under the head of pure fiction, are the *Two Bridges of Ayr*, and the *Vision*. In the last, there are some vigorous and striking lines.

There is another fragment, called a *Vision*, which belongs to a higher order of poetry. If *Burns* had never written any thing else, the power of description, and the vigour of the whole composition, would have entitled him to the remembrance of posterity.

"The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells an' fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing cerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—Liberty!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;

But oh, it was a tale of wo,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times.—
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes." IV. p.
344—46.

Some verses written for a hermitage, sound like the best parts of *Grongar Hill*. The reader may take these few lines as a specimen.

"As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?

Danger's, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among." III. p.
299.

There is a little copy of verses upon a newspaper, at p. 345, of *Dr. Currie's* 4th volume, written in the same condensed style, and only wanting translation into English to be worthy of *Swift*.

The finest piece, of the strong and nervous sort, however, is undoubtedly the address of *Robert Bruce* to his army at *Bannockburn*, beginning: "*Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*" The *Death-song*, beginning—

"Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth
and ye skies,

Now gay with the bright-setting sun,"
is to us less pleasing. There are specimens, however, of such vigour and emphasis scattered through his whole works, as are sure to make themselves and their author remembered; for instance, that noble description of a dying soldier.

"Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease
him:
Death comes; wi' fearless eye he sees
him;

Wi bluidy hand a welcome gi'es him ;
 An' whan he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
 In faint huzzas." III. p. 27.

The whole song of "For a' that," is written with extraordinary spirit. The first stanza ends ;

"For rank is but the guinea stamp ;
 The *man's* the goud for a' that."

—All the songs, indeed, abound with traits of this kind. We select the following at random.

"O woman, lovely, woman fair !
 An angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,

I mean an angel mind." IV. p. 330.

Before concluding upon this subject, we must beg leave to express our dissent from the poet's amiable and judicious biographer, in what he says of the general harshness and rudeness of his versification. Dr. Currie, we are afraid, was not Scotchman enough to comprehend the whole prosody of the verses to which he alluded. Most of the Scottish pieces are more carefully versified than the English ; and we appeal to our southern readers, whether there be any want of harmony in the following stanza.

"Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
 Even *I* who sing in rustick lore,
 Happy *my sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where *your fathers* led !" III. p. 233.

The following is not quite English ; but it is intelligible to all readers of English, and may satisfy them that the Scottish song writer was not habitually negligent of his numbers.

"Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign
 lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt
 the perfume ;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green
 breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang
 yellow broom.
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom
 bowers,
 Where the blue bell and gowan lurk
 lowly unseen ;

For there, lightly tripping amang the wild
 flowers,
 A listening the linnet, aft wanders my
 Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay
 sunny vallies,
 And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the
 wave ;

Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt
 the proud palace,

What are they ? The haunt o' the tyrant
 and slave !

The ~~slave's~~ spicy forests, and gold-bub-
 bling fountains,

The brave Caledonian views wi' dis-
 dain ;

He wanders as free as the winds of his
 mountains,

Save love's willing fetters, the chains o'
 his Jean." IV. p. 228-9.

If we have been able to inspire our readers with any portion of our own admiration for this extraordinary writer, they will readily forgive us for the irregularity of which we have been guilty, in introducing so long an account of his whole works, under colour of the additional volume of which we have prefixed the title to this article. The truth is, however, that unless it be taken in connexion with his other works, the present volume has little interest, and could not be made the subject of any intelligible observations. It is made up of some additional letters, of middling merit—of complete copies of others, of which Dr. Currie saw reason to publish only extracts ; of a number of remarks, by Burns, on old Scottish songs ; and finally, of a few additional poems and songs, certainly not disgraceful to the author, but scarcely fitted to add to his reputation. The world, however, is indebted, we think, to Mr. Cromek's industry for this addition to so popular an author ; and the friends of the poet, we are sure, are indebted to his good taste, moderation and delicacy, for having confined it to the pieces which are now printed. Burns wrote many rash, many violent, and many indecent things ; of which we have no doubt many specimens must have

fallen into the hands of so diligent a collector. He has, however, carefully suppressed every thing of this description, and shown that the tenderness for this author's memory, which is the best proof of the veneration with which he regards his talents. We shall now see if there be any thing in the volume which deserves to be particularly noticed.

The preface is very amiable, and well written. Mr. Cromek speaks with becoming respect and affection of Dr. Currie, the learned biographer and editor of the poem, and with great modesty of his own qualifications.

"As an apology," he says, "for any defects of my own that may appear in this publication, I beg to observe that I am by profession an artist, and not an author. In the manner of laying them before the publick, I honestly declare that I have done my best; and I trust I may fairly presume to hope, that the man who has contributed to extend the bounds of literature, by adding another genuine volume to the writings of Robert Burns, has some claim on the gratitude of his countrymen. On this occasion, I certainly feel something of that sublime and heart-swelling gratification which he experiences, who casts another stone on the CAIRN of a great and lamented chief." Pref. p. xi. xii.

Of the letters, which occupy nearly half the volume, we cannot, on the whole, express any more favourable opinion than that which we have already ventured to pronounce on the prose compositions of this author in general. Indeed they abound, rather more than those formerly published, in ravings about sensibility and imprudence; in common swearing, and in professions of love for whiskey. By far the best, are those which are addressed to Miss Chalmers; and that chiefly, because they seem to be written with less effort, and at the same time with more respect for his correspondent. The following was written at a most critical period of his life; and the good feelings and good sense which it displays, only make us regret more

deeply that they were not attended with greater firmness.

"Shortly after my last return to Ayrshire, I married 'my Jean.' This was not in consequence of the attachment to romance, perhaps; but I had a long and much-loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery in my determination, and I durst not trifle with so important a deposite. Nor have I any cause to repent it. If I have not got polite tattle, modish manners, and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disgusted with the multiform curse of boarding-school affectation; and I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the county. Mrs. Burns believes, as firmly as her creed, that I am *le plus bel esprit, et le plus honnête homme* in the universe; although she scarcely ever in her life, except the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and the Psalms of David in metre, spent five minutes together on either prose or verse. I must except also from this last, a certain late publication of Scots poems, which she has perused very devoutly; and all the ballads in the country, as she has (O the partial lover! you will cry) the finest 'wood-note wild' I ever heard. I am the more particular in this lady's character, as I know she will henceforth have the honour of a share in your best wishes. She is still at Mauchline, as I am building my house: for this hovel that I shelter in, while occasionally here, is pervious to every blast that blows, and every shower that falls; and I am only preserved from being chilled to death, by being suffocated with smoke. I do not find my farm that pennyworth I was taught to expect; but I believe, in time, it may be a saving bargain. You will be pleased to hear that I have laid aside idle *eclat*, and bind every day after my reapers.

"To save me from that horrid situation of at any time going down, in a losing bargain of a farm, to misery, I have taken my excise instructions, and have my commission in my pocket for any emergency of fortune. If I could set *all* before your view, whatever disrespect you, in common with the world, have for this business, I know you would approve of my idea." V. p. 74, 75.

We may add the following, for the sake of connexion.

"I know not how the word exciseman, or still more opprobrious, gauger, will sound in your ears. I too, have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have

felt very delicately on this subject; but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting these kind of sensations. Fifty pounds a year for life, and a provision for widows and orphans, you will allow is no bad settlement for a poet. For the ignominy of the profession, I have the encouragement which I once heard a recruiting serjeant give to a numerous, if not a respectable audience, in the streets of Kilmarnock:—"Gentlemen, for your further and better encouragement I can assure you, that our regiment is the most blackguard corps under the crown, and consequently with us an honest fellow has the surest chance for preferment." V. p. 99, 100.

It would have been as well if Mr. Cromek had left out the history of Mr. Hamilton's dissensions with his parish minister; Burns's apology to a gentleman with whom he had a drunken squabble; and the anecdote of his being used to *ask for more liquor*, when visiting in the country, under the pretext of fortifying himself against the terrors of a little wood he had to pass through in going home. The most interesting passages, indeed, in this part of the volume, are those for which we are indebted to Mr. Cromek himself. He informs us, for instance, in a note:

"One of Burns's remarks, when he first came to Edinburgh, was, that between the men of rustick life and the polite world he observed little difference—that in the former, though unpolished by fashion, and unenlightened by science, he had found much observation and much intelligence; but a refined and accomplished woman was a being almost new to him, and of which he had formed but a very inadequate idea." V. p. 68, 69.

He adds also, in another place, that "the poet, when questioned about his habits of composition, replied: "All my poetry is the effect of easy composition, but of laborious correction." It is pleasing to know those things, even if they were really as trifling as to a superficial observer they may probably appear. There is a very amiable letter from Mr. Murdoch, the poet's early preceptor, at p. 111; and a very splendid one from Mr. Bloomfield, at p.

135. As nothing is more rare, among the minor poets than a candid acknowledgment of their own inferiority, we think Mr. Bloomfield well entitled to have his magnanimity recorded.

"The illustrious soul that has left amongst us the name of Burns, has often been lowered down to a comparison with me; but the comparison exists more in circumstances than in essentials. That man stood up with the stamp of superiour intellect on his brow; a visible greatness: and great and patriotick subjects would only have called into action the powers of his mind, which lay inactive while he played calmly and exquisitely the pastoral pipe.

"The letters to which I have alluded in my preface to the 'Rural Tales,' were friendly warnings, pointed with immediate reference to the fate of that extraordinary man. 'Remember Burns,' has been the watchword of my friends. I do remember Burns; but I *am not* Burns! I have neither his fire to fan or to quench! nor his passions to control! Where then is my merit, if I make a peaceful voyage on a smooth sea, and with no mutiny on board?" V. p. 135, 136.

The observations on Scottish songs, which fill nearly 150 pages, are, on the whole, minute and trifling; though the exquisite justness of the poet's taste, and his fine relish of simplicity in this species of composition, is no less remarkable here than in his correspondence with Mr. Thomson. Of all other kinds of poetry, he was so indulgent a judge, that he may almost be termed an indiscriminate admirer. We find, too, from these observations, that several songs and pieces of songs, which he printed as genuine antiques, were really of his own composition.

The common-place book, from which Dr. Currie had formerly selected all that he thought worth publication, is next given entire by Mr. Cromek. We were quite as well, we think, with the extracts;—at all events, there was no need for reprinting what had been given by Dr. Currie—a remark which is equally applicable to the letters of which we had formerly extracts.

Of the additional poems which form the concluding part of the volume, we have but little to say. We have little doubt of their authenticity; for, though the editor has omitted, in almost every instance, to specify the source from which they were derived, they certainly bear the stamp of the author's manner and genius. They are not, however, of his purest metal, nor marked with his finest die. Several of them have appeared in print already; and the songs are, as usual, the best. This little lamentation of a desolate damsel, is tender and pretty.

"My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a'
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

"A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

"The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa."
V. p. 432, 433.

We now reluctantly dismiss this subject. We scarcely hoped, when we began our critical labours, that an opportunity would ever occur of speaking of Burns as we wished to speak of him: and therefore, we feel grateful to Mr. Cromek for giving us this opportunity.

We shall conclude with two general remarks—the one national, the other critical. The first is, that it is impossible to read the productions of Burns, along with his history, without forming a higher idea of the intelligence, taste, and accomplishments of the peasantry, than most of those in the higher ranks are disposed to entertain. Without meaning to deny that he himself was endowed with rare and extraordinary gifts of genius and fancy, it is evident, from the whole details of his history, as well as from the letters of his brother, and the testimony of Mr. Murdoch and others to the character of his father, that the whole

family, and many of their associates, who have never emerged from the native obscurity of their condition, possessed talents, and taste, and intelligence, which are little suspected to lurk in those humble retreats. His epistles to brother poets, in the rank of farmers and shopkeepers in the adjoining villages; the existence of a book society and debating club among persons of that description, and many other incidental traits in his sketches of his youthful companions; all contribute to show, that not only good sense, and enlightened morality, but literature, and talents for speculation, are far more generally diffused in society than is generally imagined. And that the delights and the benefits of these generous and humanizing pursuits, are by no means confined to those whom leisure and affluence have courted to their enjoyment. That much of this is peculiar to Scotland, and may be properly referred to our excellent institutions for parochial education, and to the natural sobriety and prudence of our nation, may certainly be allowed: but we have no doubt that there is a good deal of the same principle in England, and that the actual intelligence of the lower orders will be found, there also, very far to exceed the ordinary estimates of their superiours. It is pleasing to know, that the sources of rational enjoyment are so widely disseminated; and, in a free country, it is comfortable to think, that so great a proportion of the people is able to appreciate the advantages of its condition, and fit to be relied on in all emergencies where steadiness and intelligence may be required.

Our other remark is of a more limited application; and is addressed chiefly to the followers and patrons of that new school of poetry, against which we have thought it our duty to neglect no opportunity of testifying. Those gentlemen are outrageous for simplicity; and we beg leave to recommend to them the simplici-

ty of Burns. He has copied the spoken language of passion and affection, with infinitely more fidelity than they have ever done, on all occasions which properly admitted of such adaptation: but he has not rejected the helps of elevated language and habitual associations; nor debased his composition by an affectation of babyish interjections, and all the pulling expletives of an old nursery-maid's vocabulary. They may look long enough among his nervous and manly lines, before they find any "Good lacks!"—"Dear hearts!" or, "As a body may say," in them; or any stuff about dancing daffodils and sister Emmelines. Let them think, with what infinite contempt the powerful mind of Burns would have perused the story of Alice Fell and her duffle cloak; of Andrew Jones and

the half-crown; or of little Dan without breeches, and his thievish grandfather. Let them contrast their own fantastical personages of hysterical schoolmasters and sententious leech-gatherers, with the authentick rusticks of Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and his inimitable songs; and reflect on the different reception which these personifications have met with from the publick. Though they will not be reclaimed from their puny affectations by the example of their learned predecessors, they may, perhaps, submit to be admonished by a self-taught and illiterate poet, who drew from Nature far more directly than they can do, and produced something so much liker the admired copies of the masters whom they have abjured.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Le Siege de la Rochelle, &c. &c. i. e. The Siege of Rochelle, or Misfortune and Conscience, by Madame de G  nlis. 12mo. 3 vols. Paris, 1808.

OF this third effusion of Mad. DE GENLIS's fertile pen, in which we expected to find nothing but characters and events notorious in the civil wars that long divided France between Catholicks and Hugonots, we were agreeably surprised to discover that the title and about twenty additional pages formed the whole historical portion. Instead of implicating the subject of the story, the title only fixes the epoch at which it is supposed to have taken place; and instead of being introduced to the councils of ministers and party-leaders, and detecting the secrets of camps and cabinets, we are presented with a wild and extravagant romance, which is devoted to the unmerited sufferings, the various adventures, and the extraordinary destiny, of a beautiful and persecuted female.

Clara de Montalban was betrothed to *Valmore*, a rich and amiable widower of high rank, who had an only son by his former marriage. His

estates were so settled, that the greater part of them was destined to belong to the young Julius; whose father was consequently unable to provide, as amply as he would have wished, for his intended second wife. The father of *Clara*, a remorseless, mercenary man, whose individual interests were considerably affected by this circumstance, formed the horrid project of murdering the child, and accidentally carried it into effect at such a time and in such a situation, that the suspicion fell entirely on his innocent and unhappy daughter. Without detailing the circumstantial evidence which appeared to amount to proof positive against her, it is enough to state that the judges, before whom she was tried, considered themselves as bound to condemn her to an ignominious death. The monster *Montalban* had the audacity to upbraid her with the crime, though she had the power of bringing it home against him, if filial

piety had not prevented her from ransoming herself by the sacrifice of her unworthy father. *Valmore*, who, notwithstanding his sorrow and indignation, continued still to feel a warm affection towards her, and had rescued her from the fury of the populace when the bloody deed was first discovered, succeeded in procuring a pardon for her, on condition of her being confined for life in a penitentiary convent, the asylum of vice and infamy. In this miserable abode, her mind was sustained by a sense of duty, and the exhortations of her confessor; who was alone, of all mankind, convinced of her innocence and the guilt of *Montalban*, though he approved too highly of her resolution of screening her father, to denounce the real criminal.

When the consolations of religion and the force of habit had in some degree reconciled her to this mode of life, she suddenly received a dreadful order to place herself under the protection of her father, who designed to carry her to his lonely castle on the banks of the Rhone; and she had scarcely time to write a short billet to father *Arsene*, when *Montalban's* servant, a phlegmatick German who could speak no French, arrived, and conveyed her to the place of her imprisonment, which she was firmly persuaded would prove also the scene of her speedy death. Her father, she understood, would follow after a short delay. On the second night of her solitary and alarming residence in this dismantled castle,

"Exactly at ten o'clock, she distinctly heard a coach enter one of the courts of the castle, and immediately an extraordinary bustle throughout the house,—a climbing of staircases, an opening of doors with noise, and a walking in all the galleries. 'Oh!' exclaimed *Clara*, 'this time it is not an illusion: he arrives: it is he.' Half an hour afterward, *Frikmann* appeared. He seemed agitated, and nothing could be more striking than a trace of emotion on his naturally cold countenance. He approached *Clara*, took her hand, and dragged her along. *Clara*, frightened, opposed resistance, and *Frikmann* pre-

pared to carry her off by force. Not wishing that a man should seize her by the arm, she determined to follow him. This movement of modesty and dignity restored her strength; for all the springs of the soul have a marvellous connexion with one another. She allowed herself to be guided, persuaded that she was led to her death. He made her descend a staircase, and brought her into the great apartment of the castle, that of the master, where he shut her in. Her blood froze in her veins, on finding herself in this apartment, where she ought to have found full protection, and where she every moment expected the appearance of her murderer. *Frikmann* re-entered, and gave her a sign to follow him. 'It is done then!' said *Clara*, with a suffocated voice; 'O my God, take pity on the murderer and the victim.' She could say no more. The speech expired on her discoloured lips; and without losing perception, she fell into a state of annihilation and sinking, which prevented her either from walking or supporting herself on her feet. *Frikmann* gave her his arm, or rather carried her, and hurried her out of the apartment. After having passed three large rooms, he made her cross a long, narrow, and dark corridor, when they descended a small, secret stair case, and found themselves on a terrace. There *Clara* distinctly heard the howling of the waves of the Rhone, which was greatly agitated at that moment. 'At length then I know,' she said inwardly (for she could not articulate a word) 'I know the manner of death to which I am doomed! I am to be plunged into the stream!'—The moon concealed by clouds gave no light....The whistling of the wind, the tumultuous roar of the waters, menacing thunder rolling unceasingly at a distance, and the profound darkness, rendered more striking by the rapid flashes of lightning, all appeared to the eyes of *Clara* in unison with the horror of her thoughts. It seemed to her that all nature revolted at a crime which violated all her laws. Suddenly, *Frikmann* stopped; and in a strong and gloomy voice, he said, in German, five or six words which were repeated by the echoes of both the shores. A minute afterward, a whistle was three times sounded; and *Frikmann*, opening a door, found himself on the bank. He proceeded about thirty steps along the shore. Then a dazzling flash of lightning discovered to *Clara* a boat close to her, in which was a man alone, wrapped in a mantle that entirely concealed his figure. 'Tis he!' said *Clara* to herself, shuddering. She saw him! she knew him!

she already felt the deadly blow; for she believed that she should be poignarded, and then plunged into the river. Her hair rose on her head. *Frikmann* placed her almost dying in the arms of this man, and fled with rapidity. *Clara*, motionless and frozen, voluntarily shut her eyes, that she might not once see the assassin. Her shrinking heart had no longer the power to beat. She ceased to breathe, yet she preserved sensation and consciousness. She remained thus a moment suspended between life and death; when, on a sudden, oh surprise! oh inexpressible ecstasy!—she felt the arms which supported her gently pressing her! She heard sighs and groans! It is no mistake—tears are shed upon her! O God! can the murderer of *Julius*, the unnatural father who so sacrificed his daughter, can he be capable of an emotion of pity? does outraged nature reclaim her rights, and will she triumph over so much barbarity?

“Meanwhile, the clouds which concealed the moon dispersed, and her mild light revived. The wind was hushed, and the violent tossing of the boat fastened to the bank was moderated. At this instant, the arms which supported *Clara* lifted her and placed her on a seat, and she found herself opposite to the object of her melancholy fears.—*Clara* raised towards him a sad and timid eye; but scarcely had she perceived him, when she recovered all her faculties and all her sensibility, and, prostrating herself, exclaimed with transport not to be described, ‘O my deliverer!’ She recognised her venerable friend, and embraced the knees of father *Arsene*.”

Her worthy Confessor now conveyed her to a place of safety at a farm-house near Rochelle, which became the head quarters of the general who commanded the besieging army. This general was *Va more*; who, though he could not see her face, which she had the precaution to keep constantly veiled, was reminded of his former love and sorrow by her figure and appearance. He passed the night in a room divided from her only by a thin partition; and she had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing him express those feelings of an unextinguished affection, which she could never be permitted to return, while labouring under the load of infamy that had been heaped on her. Concealment becoming daily more

difficult, she prevailed on father *Arsene* to change her retreat for the house of an aged widow in the capital of one of the German electorates; where she was accidentally introduced to the elector’s daughter, and entirely won her confidence and affection. This amiable princess, whose spirits were depressed by a secret affliction, opened her whole heart to her young favourite, and related her melancholy history. She had been betrayed into a private marriage with one of her father’s ministers, who treated her with coldness, and appeared to have lost all affection for her. Here, the suspense of the story is in a great measure destroyed; for the reader sees at once that *Clara* is the daughter of the princess. Her father, *Rosenberg*, who at an early age had intrusted her to *Montalban*, returned about this time; and having been convinced that she was guilty of the murder, he threatened her with immediate detection and exposure unless she left the place. She returned, therefore, to her refuge near Rochelle; where, after various adventures, which are not always of the most probable kind, her innocence was manifested to the world. *Montalban* died confessing his guilt. *Valmore* was united to his beloved *Clara*; and *Rosenberg* (who had very fortunately brought some German auxiliaries to the assistance of the besieged Hugonots) blessed their auspicious marriage.

The story, though very striking in particular scenes, is tedious and unequal; and it is eked out by a number of episodic narratives which neither assist the progress of the main argument, nor have much intrinsic merit. We would not rashly charge Madame DE G. with descending to the arts of book-making: but really the stories of the hermit and the old woman answer no purpose besides that of swelling the work. The latter, however, is introduced by a description of a maritime village, so lively, original, and picturesque,

that our readers, will probably not be displeased by seeing it translated :

"The mixture of rustick manners and maritime toils gives to this village a singular and striking aspect. A person might find there in families a wonderful store of knowledge gained from experience and tradition, united to all the prejudices of ignorance and all the simplicity of a country village. The interior of almost all the houses was adorned with the productions of India or the ocean ; and they were at once decorations and trophies, which attested long voyages and perilous navigations. There the same hands were often employed in constructing vessels and fabricating ploughs ; and the men, divided into two classes, offered, in their mode of life, on the one hand the picture of temerity, boldness, and all the agitations produced by ambition and curiosity ; on the other, the affecting image of innocence and peace, the happy fruits of moderation and a tranquil life."

If we were right in the conjecture which we threw out, on a late occasion, respecting Madame DE GENLIS's wish to remodel the present manners

of France by those of former times, we think that the publication before us exhibits a similar approximation to the *ancien regime* on the subject of religion. Every opportunity is taken to justify the system of convents and monasteries, and to deny the existence of those enormities with which they have been often charged. The worship of images is mentioned with a degree of awe and veneration, greater, we apprehend, than any judicious catholick divine of the present day would express on the subject ; and the fervent prayers of *Clara* are more than once rewarded by distinct revelations from heaven. We have also too many providential interferences, and too many quotations from the scriptures. A romance is the worst possible vehicle for *onction* ;—a word of extensive and mysterious signification, which has been very imperfectly rendered by our common term, *cant*.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Lettre aux Espagnols-Américains. Par un de leurs Compatriotes. A Philadelphie. 8vo. pp. 42.

THIS curious and interesting address is the production of Don Juan Pablo Viscardo y Gusman, a native of Arequipa in Peru, and an ecclesiastick of the Order of Jesus. When the Jesuits were banished from all the territories of Spain, he, with the rest of his order, who, whatever may have been their demerits in other parts of the world, had been the chief benefactors of Spanish America,* was deprived of his coun-

try, and took refuge in the dominions of the pope in Italy. At the time when the dispute about Nootka Sound threatened to produce a war between Great Britain and Spain, and when Mr. Pitt, in the view of that event, had adopted the scheme of revolutionizing the Spanish colonies in America, he invited, at the suggestion of general Miranda, a certain number of the ex-Jesuits of South America from Italy, for the purpose of using their influence in disposing the minds of their countrymen for the meditated changes. Of this number was the author of the present appeal, in which the inhabitants of

* Dr. Robertson, when treating of the rapacious, oppressive, and licentious lives of the ecclesiasticks of that country, says: "It is remarkable that all the authors, who censure the licentiousness of the Spanish regulars with the greatest severity, concur in vindicating the conduct of the Jesuits. Formed under a discipline more perfect than that of the other monastick orders, or animated by that concern for the honour of the society, which

takes such full possession of every member of the order, the Jesuits, both in Mexico and Peru, it is allowed, maintained a most irreproachable decency of manners."—*History of America*, vol. iv. note 19.

South America are called upon, by every consideration interesting to human kind, to take the management of their own affairs into their own hands, and to establish a just and beneficent government, which may at once ensure their own happiness, and open a liberal intercourse of benefits with the rest of mankind. This uncommon person, who evinces a share of knowledge, of thought, and of liberality, worthy of the most enlightened countries, died in London in the month of February 1798, and left the present tract, in manuscript, together with several other papers, in the hands of Mr. King, at that time minister in this country from the United States. It was afterwards printed by means of general Miranda, for the purpose of being circulated among his countrymen.

At a moment like the present, we doubt not it will appear of importance to our readers to contemplate the sentiments of a man who may, to so great a degree, be considered as the representative of the leading classes of his countrymen, on a question at all times highly interesting to Great Britain, but which, in the present situation of Europe, assumes an incalculable importance.

In presenting to his countrymen a short sketch of their history, he tells them, after Herrera, that their progenitors won the country by their own enterprise, and established themselves in it at their own charges, without a farthing of expense to the mother country; that, of their own free accord, they made to her the donation of their vast and opulent acquisitions; that, instead of a paternal and protecting government, they had experienced, at her hands, the most galling effects of a jealous, rapacious, and oppressive administration; and that, for the long period of three centuries, their attachment to her had triumphed over the strongest causes of resentment. He then draws a picture of the oppression to which the colonies of Spain have been

subjected; and, after enlarging on the galling restraints in respect to personal liberty, and the ruinous effects of the exorbitant, commercial monopoly to which they have been condemned, he alludes to their exclusion from all offices of profit and trust, even in their own country, in a strain of patriotick indignation.

After this picture of slavery, the author proceeds to demonstrate the foundations of liberty; and, considering the education he had received, the country where he was reared, and the society to which he belonged, the beneficence and justness of his views are worthy of no ordinary approbation. He then displays the solid principles of liberty which were originally interwoven in the constitution of Spain, and assisted by the spirit of the people; and, in the following short passage, states, with much discernment, the miserable, but delusive causes of its loss.

"The reunion of the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, together with the great states which at that time came to the kings of Spain, and the treasures of the East Indies, gave the crown of Spain an unexpected preponderance, which grew so powerful that in a very short time it overthrew all the barriers erected by the prudence of our ancestors to secure the liberty of their posterity. Regal power, like the sea breaking over its limits, overflowed the whole monarchy, and the will of the king and of his ministers became the universal law.

"Despotick power, once so strongly established, the shadow even of the ancient *cortes* no longer existed. There remained for the natural, civil, and religious rights of the Spaniards no other protection than the good will of the ministers, or the ancient formalities of justice, called juridical proceedings. These may have sometimes opposed the oppression of innocence without, however, preventing the proverb from being always true: *The king's will makes the law.*"

When he at last comes to call upon his countrymen, from a united view of the nature of things, and of their own particular circumstances, to adopt the resolution of becoming their own masters, he cites, for their example, the celebrated revolt of the

provinces of Holland, which all the world admires, against the tyranny and oppression of Spain; that of Portugal against the same country; the recent acquisition of independence by their neighbours in North America,—an event which had made upon them, as might be expected, the deepest impression; and concludes in a strain of sublime piety, and genuine philanthropy, which cannot be too much admired—including every nation upon earth, and even the Spaniards themselves, in his generous view of the blessings to be derived from the prosperity and freedom of that vast portion of the world.

The brilliant prospects which seem to be opened up for our species in the new world, and the cloud which still thickens over the fortunes of the old, present, at the present hour, a subject of contemplation to the thinking part of the British people; than which, excepting the great question of slavery or freedom, we know not if one more interesting can be imagined. We seize with avidity the present opportunity of communicating to them such information on this grand topick as we have been able to collect; and doubt not that our readers will partake with us in the deep interest with which it has inspired us.

After a tremendous struggle, to which the world has seen, perhaps, no parallel, the power of the despot of France now extends uncontrolled over almost every part of the continent of Europe. The hopes of the instability of that power, which so long continued to flatter the multitude, who draw their conclusions not from reason, but feeling, have given way to the fears which a series of tremendous success has irresistibly engendered; and we are now placed in the hazardous and most critical situation, of neighbour to a power which combines against us all the resources of Europe, and cuts off from us that important branch of our own, which we drew from her

commercial intercourse. To the period, too, which may elapse before the affairs of Europe assume a condition more favourable to human nature, or even to our security, foresight can assign no definite boundary, even hope can hardly anticipate a very speedy termination. In this new and portentous condition of Europe, we are called upon to look more widely around us, and to inquire whether, in the rest of the world, barriers can be found to resist the torrent whose pressure we must continue to dread, and resources to supply those, the channel of which is closed against us.

In taking this important survey, every eye, we believe, will ultimately rest on South America. A country far surpassing the whole of Europe in extent, and still more, perhaps, in natural fertility, which has been hitherto unfortunately excluded from the beneficent intercourse of nations, is, after a few prudent steps on our part, ready to open to us the immense resources of her territory, of a population at present great, and likely to increase with most extraordinary celerity, and of a position unparalleled on the face of the globe for the astonishing combination of commercial advantages which it appears to unite. From the maturity of some beneficent change, which circumstances and events have for a series of years been working in those magnificent regions, and from the mighty effects they are capable of yielding for the consolation of afflicted humanity, it seems as if that Providence, which is continually bringing good out of evil, were about to open a career of happiness in the new world, at the very moment when, by the mysterious laws of its administration, it appears to have decreed a period of injustice and calamity in the old.

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as they are. We can appeal to experience and to fact. We have the grand experiment of North America before us, which the inhabitants of the south are so ambitious to imitate. The states of North America were our own colonies, and they had been always beneficently administered; yet has their independence been far more profitable to us than their subjection. What is the result with regard to commerce alone?—The very extraordinary fact, that for several past years we have exported more goods of British growth and manufacture to the United States of America, than to the whole of Europe taken together. If such are the benefits resulting from the prosperity of the United States, how many times greater will be those which must necessarily flow from the prosperity of South America? How many times more extensive is the country which the Spanish Americans possess? That country, from enjoying a much greater diversity of climate compared with Europe, than North America, is much more richly provided with those commodities for which Europe presents the most eager demand. Of the soil of South America, a great part is much more favourable to cultivation, much more fruitful, and cleared by nations who had made some progress in civilisation. Of all the countries in the world, South America possesses the most important advantages in respect to internal navigation, being intersected in all directions by mighty rivers, which will bear, at little cost, the produce of her extensive provinces to the ocean. If the population of the United States, amounting, perhaps, to 6,000,000 souls, affords so extraordinary a demand for British commodities, what may not the population of South America, extending already to no less than 16,000,000, be expected to afford? It is no doubt true, that the moral and intellectual habits of the people of South America are not so favourable to improve-

ment as were those of North America. Their industry has been cramped; their minds have been held in ignorance, by a bad government; hence are they indolent and superstitious. But remove the cause, and the effects will cease to follow. So sweet are the fruits of labour, wherever the labourer enjoys them unimpaird, that the motives to it are irresistible,—and his activity may be counted upon with the certainty of a law of nature. The deduction, therefore, is so very small, which, on this score, it will be requisite to make, that a very subordinate proportion of the superiour advantages in soil and climate, which the South American enjoys, will suffice to compensate the better habits with which the inhabitant of the United States commenced his career.

In respect to wants, the two countries eminently resemble one another. From the immense extent of uncultivated soil, which it will require many ages to occupy, the whole bent of the population will be turned to agriculture; and it will be their interest, and their desire, to draw almost the whole of the manufactured goods, which their riches will enable them to consume, from other countries. The country to which the greater part of this prodigious demand will come, is unquestionably Great Britain. So far before all other countries, in respect to manufacturing advantages, does she stand, that were the circumstances of Europe much more likely to encourage industry than unhappily they are, we could meet with no rival; and as we supply North America, so could we South, on terms which would infallibly draw to us the greater part of her custom. With this magnificent source of industry and wealth, the channels which Buonaparte can shut against us hardly deserve to be named; since that even of the United States surpasses them all. With South America, then, under a free and beneficent govern-

ment,—though we might weep for the calamities heaped upon our brethren of Europe by an insatiable despot, who, with the words *liberty* and *good of mankind* on his lips, would rivet his chains on the whole human race, and expend their blood and sweat for his own momentary pleasure or caprice,—we might laugh the destroyer to scorn, and enjoy a prosperity which the utmost efforts of his power and his rage could never disturb.

In enumerating, however, the advantages of a commercial nature, which would assuredly spring from the emancipation of South America, we have not yet noticed the greatest, perhaps, of all,—the mightiest event, probably, in favour of the peaceful intercourse of nations, which the physical circumstances of the globe present to the enterprise of man :—we mean the formation of a navigable passage across the isthmus of Panama,—the junction of the Atlantick and Pacifick Oceans. It is remarkable; that this magnificent undertaking, pregnant with consequences so important to mankind, and about which so little is known in this country, is so far from being a romantick and chimerical project, that it is not only practicable, but easy. The river Chagr , which falls into the Atlantick at the town of the same name, about eighteen leagues to the westward of Porto Bello, is navigable as far as Cruzes, within five leagues of Panama. But though the formation of a canal from this place to Panama, facilitated by the valley through which the present road passes, appears to present no very formidable obstacles, there is still a better expedient. At the distance of about five leagues from the mouth of the Chagr , it receives the river Trinidad, which is navigable to Embarcadero; and from that place to Panama is a distance of about thirty miles, through a level country, with a fine river to supply water for the canal, and no difficulty whatever to counteract the noble un-

dertaking. The ground has been surveyed; and not the practicability only, but the facility of the work, completely ascertained. In the next place, the important requisite of safe harbours, at the two extremities of the canal, is here supplied to the extent of our utmost wishes. At the mouth of the Chagr  is a fine bay, which received the British 74 gun ships, in 1740, when captain Knowles bombarded the castle of St. Lorenzo;—and at the other extremity is the famous harbour of Panama.* Nor is this the only expedient for opening the important navigation between the Pacifick and Atlantick Oceans. Further north is the grand lake of Nicaragua, which, by itself, almost extends the navigation from sea to sea. Into the Atlantick Ocean it falls by a navigable river, and reaches to within three leagues of the Gulf of Papagayo in the Pacifick.† Mr. Jefferys tells us, it was the instruction of the king of Spain to the governour of St. John's Castle, not to permit any British subject to pass either up or down this lake; "for, if ever the English came to a knowledge of its impor-

* For the accuracy of these statements, may be consulted a curious and instructive work, drawn up and published, in 1762, by Thomas Jefferys, geographer to his majesty; from the draughts and surveys found on board the Spanish prizes; from other accessible documents, and the statements of eyewitnesses. The title of the book, as it is now but little known, it may be worth while to transcribe. "A Description of the Spanish Islands and Settlements on the Coast of the West Indies; compiled from authentick Memoirs; revised by Gentlemen who have resided many Years in the Spanish Settlements; and illustrated with Thirty-two Maps and Plans, chiefly from original Drawings taken from the Spaniards in the last War, and engraved by Thomas Jefferys," &c.

† The reader may consult, on the facility and importance of effecting a navigation from sea to sea, by this extraordinary lake, a curious memoir by M. Martin de la Bastide, ancien secretaire de M. le compte de Broglio, published in the second volume of "Histoire Abreg e de la mer du Sud, par M. de Laborde."

tance and value, they would soon make themselves masters of this part of the country."*

We are tempted to dwell for a moment upon the prospects which the accomplishment of this splendid, but not difficult enterprise, opens to our nation. It is not merely the immense commerce of the western shores of America, extending almost from pole to pole, that is brought, as it were, to our door; it is not the intrinsically important, though comparatively moderate branch of our commerce, that of the South Sea whalers, that will alone undergo a complete revolution, by saving the tedious and dangerous voyage round Cape Horn:—the whole of those immense interests which we hold deposited in the regions of Asia, become augmented in value, to a degree which, at present, it is not easy to conceive, by obtaining direct access to them across the Pacific Ocean. It is the same thing as if, by some great revolution of the globe, our eastern possessions were brought nearer to us. The voyage across the Pacific, the winds both for the eastern and western passage being fair and constant, is so expeditious and steady, that the arrival of the ships may be calculated almost with the accuracy of a mail coach.† Immense

would be the traffick which would immediately begin to cover that ocean, by denomination Pacifick. All the riches of India and of China would move towards America. The riches of Europe and of America would move towards Asia. Vast depôts would be formed at the great commercial towns which would immediately arise at the two extremities of the central canal:—the goods would be in a course of perpetual passage from the one depôt to the other;—and would be received by the ships, as they arrived, which were prepared to convey them to their ultimate destination.

Is it too much to hope, that China and Japan themselves, thus brought so much nearer the influence of European civilisation—much more constantly and powerfully subject to its operation—would not be able to resist the salutary impression, but would soon receive important changes in ideas, arts, manners and institutions? The hope rests, at least, on such strong foundations, that it seems to rise even to certainty;—and then, what glorious results might be expected for the whole of Asia, that vast proportion of the earth, which, even in its most favoured parts, has been in all ages condemned to semi-barbarism, and the miseries of despotick power? One thing, at least, is

* See p. 43. of "A Description," &c. above cited. What Alcedo tells us is still more extraordinary, that it was even interdicted, *on pain of death*, to propose opening the navigation between the two seas. A similar interdiction and penalty was ordained, respecting the navigation of the Atrato, where there is only an interval of a few miles between the navigable parts of the two rivers.

† On the surprising facilities of this navigation, there is some interesting information given in an "Account of an intended expedition into the South Seas, by private persons," printed in the appendix to the third volume of sir John Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*. "From the bay of Panama," says that document, "ships are carried to the East Indies, by the great trade wind, at the rate of above a hundred miles a day.

From the East Indies to the South Seas, there are two passages.—One by the north, to sail to the latitude of 40° north, in order to get into the great west wind, which, about that latitude, blows ten months in the year; and which, being strong, carries vessels with quickness to the northern part of the coast of Mexico. From the extreme point of Mexico, in the north, there is a north wind which blows all the way to the bay of Panama, which never varies, and which carries ships above a hundred miles a day, reaching to the distance of a hundred leagues from the coast.—The other passage is at 40° south, and is in all respects similar to that in the north, a land-wind blowing from the coast of Chili to the bay of Panama, of the very same description with that which blows along the coast of Mexico."

certain, that South America, which stands so much in need of industrious inhabitants, would receive myriads of laborious Chinese, who already swarm in all parts of the eastern Archipelago in quest of employment and of food. This, to her, would be an acquisition of incredible importance: and the connexion thus formed between the two countries, would still further tend to accelerate the acquisition of enlightened views and civilized manners in China herself.

Such are a few of the results which there is reason to expect from a regulation of the affairs of South America. Never, perhaps, was an opportunity offered to a nation, of effecting so great a change in behalf of human kind, as Great Britain, from a wonderful combination of circumstances, is now called upon, by so many motives, to help South America to accomplish. The measure has, for a considerable number of years, been mingled, in her councils, among the number of her resolves; and a short history—which, from peculiar circumstances, we are enabled to give with unusual accuracy—cannot be without interest, of what has been done in preparation towards an event which will, hereafter, occupy so great a place in the history of the world.

Though projects of hostility—some of them for plunder, some for permanent conquest—had been undertaken, during the wars between this country and Spain, against particular parts of her transatlantic dominions, the first time, we believe, that a general scheme of emancipation was presented to the mind of a British minister, was in the beginning of 1790, when the measure was proposed to Mr. Pitt by general Miranda. It met, from that minister, with the most cordial reception;—and, as the dispute respecting Nootka Sound was then subsisting, it was resolved, if Spain did not prevent hostilities by submission, to carry the plan into immediate execution. When an accommodation was effected, and peace at

last decreed, Mr Pitt still assured the general, that the plan of emancipating South America was a measure that would not be lost sight of; but would infallibly engage the attention of every minister of this country.

The man by whom this important suggestion was made, and in whose breast the scheme of emancipation, if not first conceived, seems, at least, to have been first matured, is a native of Caraccas in South America; descended from one of the principal families of the country. At the early age of 17 he repaired to Spain, and, by the influence of his family, obtained a captain's commission in the Spanish army. Early smitten by the love of letters, he was anxious to proceed to France for the prosecution of his education; but permission was denied him; and he was forced to bring the masters, whom he could not procure in Spain, from France, at his own charges. It is an anecdote, not unworthy of record, that when the inquisition ordered his books to be taken from him and burnt, he applied to count O'Reilly, inspector general of the Spanish army, to see if the order could not be recalled; but the inspector told him, that all he could do was to condole with him; for that the same misfortune had happened to himself.

When France and Spain resolved to take a share in the war which was carried on between Great Britain and her American colonies, it happened that Miranda was in that part of the Spanish army which was destined to cooperate with the French. Acting thus, and conversing with the members of a more enlightened nation than any he had yet seen, the ideas of the young American received that improvement after which he aspired; and, in a scene where the cause of liberty was the object of all men's zeal and enthusiasm, and in a country, the situation of which in so many respects resembled his own, a similar destiny for this last was naturally presented to his wishes. So deeply

was the impression struck, that he has dedicated to this one design almost the whole of his life, and has been the prime mover in every scheme that has been proposed for the emancipation of the Spanish colonies in America

After the renunciation, or rather the postponement of the design, on the part of Mr. Pitt, the next project for changing the condition of South America, was started by the republican rulers of France; as part of their scheme for revolutionizing the whole of the Spanish dominions. But Miranda foresaw the dangers with which that design was pregnant, —and fortunately had sufficient influence to persuade its renunciation. To prepare the reader sufficiently for the particulars of this curious affair, it may not be useless to run over, hastily, the steps by which the general had been brought to the situation in which he then stood.

At the termination of the American war, he resigned his situation in the service of Spain, and repaired to Europe, with a view to study the institutions of the most enlightened nations, and to draw from them instruction for the benefit of his native country. For this purpose, he came first to Great Britain,* and proceeded

* There is a curious proof of the notice which he and his cause attracted in this country, even at this early period, in the "Political Herald and Review," for the year 1785, pp. 29, 30.

"The flame which was kindled in North America," says the writer in that work, "as was foreseen, has made its way into the American dominions of Spain. That jealousy which confined the appointments of government in Spanish America to native Spaniards, and established other distinctions between these and their descendants on the other side the Atlantick, has been a two edged sword, and cut two ways. If it has hitherto preserved the sovereignty of Spain in those parts, it has sown the seeds of a deep resentment among the people. Conferences are held, combinations are formed in secret among a race of men whom we shall distinguish by the appellation of Spanish

afterwards to Prussia, Austria, Italy, Greece, and a part of Turkey. He then proceeded to Russia, where he met with prince Potemkin at Cherson, whose notice he attracted; and by him was introduced to the empress at Kiow. A native of Spain, travelling in search of knowledge, and improved by it, appeared to her in the light of a phenomenon. She invited him to remain in Russia; for, in Spain, she said, he would be burnt. —Spain was not a country for him. When Miranda opened to her, in reply, the views to which he had devoted himself in behalf of his country, she manifested the strongest interest in the accomplishment of his scheme, and assured him, in case of his success, she would be the foremost to support the independence of South America. She transmitted a circular letter to her ambassadours in Europe, to afford him her imperial protection every where; and gave him an invitation to draw upon her treasury for his personal support.

It was after this tour through Europe, in which Miranda spent several years, that he returned, by the way of France, to England; and being, by his friend governour Pownall, introduced to Mr. Pitt, proposed to him the plan, of which the submission of Spain on the question at issue prevented the execution. At the time when the prospect was thus, for an indefinite period, closed upon him in England, and the first promising movements of liberty in France were attracting the curious from every quarter of the world, Miranda returned to witness the great scenes which were there passing, and to obtain, if possible, from France, in her new si-

Provincials. The example of North America is the great subject of discourse, and the grand object of imitation. In London, we are well assured, there is, at this moment, a Spanish American of great consequence, and possessed of the confidence of his fellow citizens, who aspires to the glory of being the deliverer of his country."

tuation, the same favour to South America, which in her old she had bestowed upon the United States. By his companions in arms, whom he had recently known in America, he was speedily drawn into some connexion with the great leaders at that time in publick affairs; and when the revolution was first called upon to draw the sword, he was invited and prevailed upon to take a command in her armies.

It was while he was serving with Dumourier in the Netherlands, that the scheme for revolutionizing Spain and her colonies was first conceived by the republican leaders. It was communicated to Dumourier by Brissot, in a letter which we have now before us, dated Paris, 28th November 1792, in the following terms:

"Spain is ripening for liberty. Its government is preparing again, preparations are necessary to prosper or rather to naturalize liberty there. That a revolution must be effected both in European and American Spain, all must allow. The fate of this latter revolution depends upon one man. You know and esteem him. It is *Miranda*. The ministers were lately looking out for a person to take the place of Desparbés in Hispaniola. A ray of light struck me: I said, appoint *Miranda*. In the first place, *Miranda* will soon adjust the miserable quarrels of the colonists; he soon will call to order those white people so turbulent, and will become the idol of the coloured people. But afterwards how easily will he raise the Spanish isles or the Spanish continent which they possess? At the head of more than 12,000 regular troops who are now in Hispaniola, of 10 to 15,000 brave mulattoes, with whom he will be provided in our islands, with what ease will he invade the Spanish possessions? Besides, having under his command a fleet, and when the Spaniards have nothing to oppose to him, the name of *Miranda* will be worth an army; and his talents, cou-

rage, and genius, every thing ensures us success. All the ministers agree in this choice, but they fear lest you should refuse to part with *Miranda*, as you have chosen him to fill up the place of *Labourdounay*. I have this morning promised *Monge* that I would write to you, and he gave me his word that he would appoint *Miranda* governour in chief, if you would consent to let him go. Hasten then to send me your consent. Shall I add that our excellent friend *Gensonné* is of the same opinion; he will write to you to morrow. *Claviere* and *Petion* are overjoyed at that idea."

It will be readily acknowledged, there was here wherewithal to dazzle a man of ordinary ambition. Yet was the project damped, and finally renounced, by means of *Miranda*, who began to fear that the revolution was proceeding too fast and too far. In the letter which he wrote to Brissot, in answer to the communication of his proposal, he contents himself with starting difficulties. "The plan," says he, "that you form in your letter is truly grand and magnificent; but I know not whether the execution might be certain or even probable. With respect to the Spanish American continent and their islands, I am perfectly informed and able to form an exact opinion. But for all that regards the French islands, and their present situation, I scarcely know any thing at all, and, consequently it would be impossible for me to form a correct opinion of it. This being in your plan the basis of the whole operation, since it is from the colonies that the force must go which is to put in motion the people of the opposite continent, we must be very sure that our information is true and positive. It seems to me also that my appointment and my departure for Hispaniola, would spread the alarm in the courts of Madrid and St. James. The effects of which would be soon felt at Cadiz and Portsmouth, which would create new obstacles to the undertaking,

which, besides, is too great, too excellent and interesting to be spoiled and rendered fruitless for want of caution in the beginning." After some further correspondence and consultation, the pressure of affairs cooperating with the discouragement offered by Miranda, the flattering project was, for the time, relinquished.

During some years subsequent to this occurrence, the matter was sunk in oblivion amid the violent struggles which agitated Europe. Many months had not elapsed when the reign of Robespierre began; and Miranda, with so many other virtuous men, were buried in the dungeons of the revolution. Though tried, and clearly acquitted by the revolutionary tribunal, which declared that not a shadow of suspicion attached to him, he was still detained in prison, and escaped the guillotine only by one of those accidents by which so many others were delivered up to it. When he recovered his liberty, under the party that assumed the government after the death of Robespierre, he might still have become a leading man in the revolution, and was offered the command of an army. His answer, however, was, that although he had fought for *liberty*, it was not his purpose to fight for *conquest*. If France would establish a free and moderate government, retire within her ancient limits, and sincerely offer peace to the whole world, he would willingly contend for her against all her enemies. This remarkable answer rests on as remarkable an authority; for Miranda had the fortitude to enlarge upon the same ideas in a pamphlet, and to publish them at the very moment [1795] in Paris.

About the same time, or a little after, Miranda was met at Paris by deputies and commissioners from Mexico, and the other principal provinces of South America, who had been sent to Europe for the purpose of concerting with him the measures to be pursued for accomplishing the independence of their country. It

was decided, accordingly, that Miranda should, in their name, again repair to England, and make such offers to the British government as, it was hoped, might induce it to lend them the assistance requisite for the great object of their wishes. The instrument, which was drawn up, and put into the hand of their representative, as the document to the British government, of the proposals of the South Americans, is too remarkable an evidence of the views and plans of the leading members of the South American communities, not to deserve, at the present moment, the most serious attention.

1. The first article states, that the Hispano-American colonies, having for the most part resolved to proclaim their independence, were induced to address themselves to the government of Great Britain, in the confidence she would not refuse them that assistance which Spain herself, in the midst of peace, had not declined extending to the British colonies in America.

2. The second article stipulates the sum of thirty millions sterling, which South America would pay to Great Britain for the assistance required.

3. The third article states the amount of the British force which was deemed requisite.

4. The fourth article it is proper to present in the words of the document itself. "A defensive alliance between England, the United States, and South America, is so much required by the nature of things, the geographical situation of each of the three countries, the productions, industry, wants, manners, and disposition of the three nations, that it is impossible this alliance should not last a long time; especially if care be taken to strengthen it by similarity in the political forms of the three governments; that is to say, by the enjoyment of civil liberty properly understood. It might even be said with confidence, that this is the only

hope remaining to liberty audaciously outraged by the detestable principles avowed by the French republick. It is the only means of establishing a balance of power capable of opposing the destructive ambition and devastation of the French system."

5. The fifth article relates to a treaty of commerce between Great Britain and South America.

6. The sixth article stipulates the opening of the navigation between the Atlantick and Pacifick oceans, by the isthmus of Panama, as well as by the lake of Nicaragua, and the guarantee of its freedom to the British nation.

7. The seventh article respects the arrangement of the commerce between the different parts of South America itself; proposed to be left on its present footing, till the assemblage of deputies from the different provinces of the continent can arrange the terms of their union.

8. The eighth article points to some project to be devised, of a connexion between the bank of England and those of Lima and Mexico, for the purposes of mutual support, and of giving England the advantage of that command of the precious metals which the country supplying them might have it in its power to yield.

9. 10. The ninth and tenth articles relate to the project of alliance between South America and the United States. The principal points are the ceding to the United States of the Floridas, the Mississippi being proposed as the most advisable boundary between the two nations, and the stipulation of a small military force from the Anglo-Americans, to aid in the establishment of their independence.

11. The eleventh article, respecting the islands, states the plan of resigning all those which belong to the Spaniards, excepting only Cuba, the possession of which is rendered necessary, by the situation of the Havana commanding the passage from the gulf of Mexico.

This document is dated Paris, the 22d of December, 1797. The proposal transmitted to Mr. Pitt, for the return of general Miranda to this country, was acceded to with alacrity; and the general had a conference with that minister in January following. It accorded with the plans of Mr. Pitt, at that time, to enter with promptitude into the scheme proposed for the emancipation of South America. The outline of the proceedings was fully agreed upon; and, so far had the preparations advanced, that general Miranda, in a letter to Mr. Hamilton, the much lamented legislator of the United States, dated 6th April 1798, thought himself authorized to write in the following terms. "This will be delivered to you, my dear and esteemed friend, by my countryman, don ***** the bearer of despatches of the greatest importance for the president of the United States. He will tell you secretly all you wish to know upon this subject. It appears that the moment of our emancipation grows near, and that the establishment of liberty over the whole continent of the new world is intrusted to us by Providence. The only danger I foresee is the introduction of the French principles which might poison liberty in its birth, and soon would finally destroy yours. Your wishes are in some degree fulfilled; since it is agreed here, that in the first instance English troops shall not be employed in the land operations, since the auxiliary land forces will be only American, whilst, on the other hand, the navy will be entirely British. All is settled, and they are only waiting for the *fiat* of your illustrious president to start like lightning. With what pleasure have I heard, my most dear general, of your appointment in the continental army of the United States of America. Our wishes, it appears, are going to be at last accomplished, and every circumstance concurs now in our favour. May Providence make us wise enough to use

it in the most advantageous manner."

The proposal was, that North America should furnish 10,000 troops, and the British government agreed to find money and ships. But the president Adams declined to transmit an immediate answer, and the measure was, in consequence, postponed.

In the beginning of 1801, during lord Sidmouth's administration, the project was again revived. The plans of government to be recommended to the people of South America, were considered and approved; even the military operations were sketched and arranged; and the preparations far advanced for the expedition. The preliminaries, however, of the peace of Amiens were signed; and the measure was put off to a future opportunity.

When war was again declared against France in 1803, the business of South America formed one of the principal designs of ministers; and measures were taken to carry it into effect, the moment that the peace which still subsisted with Spain should be broken. This event did not occur till 1804, when Mr. Pitt was again at the head of administration. The measure was now prosecuted with zeal. Lord Melville and sir Home Popham were employed in arranging with general Miranda the whole details of procedure;* when the execution was again suspended by the affairs of Europe, and by the hopes and exertions of the third coalition.

The prospect thus appearing shut upon them in Europe, the South American exiles from the provinces of Caraccas and Santa Fée, residing

* On this point the reader may derive satisfaction, by consulting the trial of sir Home Popham; the evidence of lord Melville at pp. 153 to 164; and the declarations of sir Home at pp. 91, 92, 94, 95, 100; and an Appendix note A. See "Trial of Sir Home Popham," printed for Richardson, Royal Exchange, 1807.

in the United States of America, and in the island of Trinidad, pressed general Miranda, and at last prevailed upon him, to quit his residence in this country, and make an effort in their behalf through the medium of America alone. Though the politics of Britain presented to him, at the moment, no prospect on her part, of active assistance, they appeared, at least, to promise the security, that no body of French, or of Spanish troops, should cross the Atlantick, to confirm the dominion of the enemies of Britain. In these circumstances, he was induced to think that no great force,—that nothing more, in short, than what might be requisite to impose respect upon the small number of troops in the Spanish garrisons, and to afford some appearance of security to the people, was, in the known condition of the publick mind, required to effect the revolution; and at the same time, the disputes subsisting between the United States of America and Spain, respecting Louisiana, afforded him a hope in that quarter of all the assistance which the occasion demanded. With a full understanding on the part of the government here, and even, as it would seem, with promise of support, he proceeded to America; but on his arrival there, found, to his mortification, that a compromise on the subject of Louisiana had already taken place, and that the *publick* aid of government was not to be obtained. He was received, however, with cordiality and distinction by the president and secretary; and, from various quarters, received encouragement to suppose, that, by private exertions and resources, such means might be got together, as, with the help of good fortune, might be adequate to the enterprise. Though the government of the United States, from the obvious motive of exculpating themselves in the eyes of France, thought proper afterwards to disclaim all knowledge of the transaction,—and even to order the prosecution of two

of the persons who appeared to have been principally involved in it,—it came out upon the trial, to the conviction of the jury, who thereupon acquitted the parties, that the government had been privy to all the proceedings of Miranda, and, by never so much as whispering their disapprobation, appeared of necessity, both to him and to his agents, to favour, though they deemed it impolitick at the time to countenance, his undertaking.

The particulars of the expedition to Caraccas, it is necessary for us entirely to pass over.* It failed, feeble as were the means employed in it, chiefly from the intelligence which had been treacherously conveyed to the Spaniards, and by the misconduct of the American shipmasters, over whom the general had not sufficient control. But it had this in it of benefit, that the careful protection of persons and property which Miranda maintained, removed every shadow of prejudice which the industry of the Spanish agents had been able to raise respecting the purity of his intentions, and had not the British commanders, who seconded his views, been induced to withdraw their support, and to urge the dereliction of the enterprise, by the false intelligence which reached the West Indies, of the conclusion of peace by Lord Lauderdale; at any rate, had our government lent a very small assistance, not a doubt can be entertained that the province of Caraccas would have then declared its independence.†

* The principal facts, together with the proclamations of general Miranda, documents of importance in forming a judgment of the whole bearings of this affair, may be found in a pamphlet, which we recommend as containing some correct information, not to be found anywhere else, entitled, "Additional Reasons for our immediately Emancipating Spanish America." By William Burke.

† That this was the opinion of the best informed among the Spaniards themselves, appears from the following ex-

The part which our country had in this expedition, it is still of some importance to explain. The prospect of the vast advantages to Great Britain, from the independence of that part of South America, which was the object of Miranda's immediate views, induced the British admiral on the station, sir Alexander Cochrane, to enter into a formal stipulation for certain means of operation he was to afford to the undertaking, and certain advantages which were to be yielded to his country in return. The governours, both of

tract of an intercepted letter from Don Dionisio Franco, director of the king's revenues at Caraccas, to the governour of Cumana. "Un des hommes," says Depons [*Voyage à la Terre Ferme*, t. ii. p. 293] "un des hommes de l'Espagne qui connoit le mieux les interets de sa nation."

"Caraccas, 16th August, 1806.

"Miranda, despicable indeed, if left to his private resources alone, will, it appears to me, give us more to do than what we thought, if supported, as he appears to be, by the English; although the assistance they have until now given him be reduced to the not disapproving only of his enterprise.

"He effected his landing at Coro without any resistance, because the garrison of that interesting point, was reduced to 200 fusileers of the militia alone; and although they might have armed more than 1000 men, they had no arms for the purpose, and in the same case, we find, are now all the inhabitants of these provinces.

"With this information, the captain general of the province has marched with all the armed force he could collect; but it will be a month before he can reach Coro; in which place, it is probable he will find him already intrenched, and in a situation to make good his retreat. That, in my opinion, will be the least of the evils which may happen to us; because, if the English give him any assistance, let it be ever so little, and offer him support, his situation is the most advantageous of all those he could have chosen in all these coasts, as the peninsula of Paraguana may afford them a situation to establish another Gibraltar, as long as they are masters of the sea; and it may happen that this spark of fire, that appears nothing, may finish by devouring the whole continent, &c.

(Signed) "DIONISIO FRANCO."

Trinidad and Barbadoes, allowed the general to recruit in these islands, and even from the militia. But after a little time, the admiral wrote to him, that "by recent instructions received from England, he was directed to limit the assistance general Miranda was to receive from him, to protection from the naval force of the enemy,—to prevent succours being landed,—and to secure his re-embarkation, in the event of his being obliged to leave the shore." It is probable, that the negotiations at Paris, in which the ministers were then engaged, and their hopes of peace, were the sole motives of the reserve which they embraced on this occasion. That they had by no means determined against the great plan of emancipation, as some of their enemies have been busy to insinuate, we are happy to be able to prove, by the succeeding passage of the same letter. "I am further directed," says the admiral, "to send by a fast sailing vessel, full details of the situation in which the continent of South America now stands, in order that his majesty's ministers may finally decide as to the measures they may take." In consequence of the above, he adds, "a schooner attends captain Dundas of the Elephant, to Coro, which schooner will receive on board your despatches, and immediately proceed to England." He concludes by saying: "I think it proper to give you this early information, lest you should be led to expect a military force to arrive for your support; a circumstance I am ignorant of being in the contemplation of his majesty's government; but, should any arrive, you may depend on its being forwarded to you without loss of time." In another letter, ten days later, he says: "I wish I could send you five or six regiments; and if the negotiations for peace blow off, I do not despair of a force arriving from England, to place you in perfect security."

The extraordinary events which immediately followed the rupture of the negotiations at Paris, and the removal from his majesty's councils, which soon succeeded, of the ministers by whom that negotiation was conducted, afforded them no opportunity of recommencing any operations for the emancipation of South America; and the facility with which they allowed themselves to be drawn into the support of the schemes of conquest, so injudiciously undertaken by sir Home Popham, deranged all their views with regard to that great object of policy. Of the memorable expedition to Buenos Ayres, the history is too well known to require any recapitulation in this place. Its effects, with regard to the great and salutary plan of liberation, have been twofold. It has certainly shaken, and that violently, the confidence of the American people in the British government. They had been told, from the highest authority, that the views of that government were solely to aid them in procuring their independence; yet the first army they behold, comes both for conquest and for plunder.* However, it has

* A proclamation, transmitted by lord Melville, then secretary of state, and circulated on the coasts of Spanish America by the governor of Trinidad, in 1797, calling upon the inhabitants *to resist the oppressive authority of the Spanish government*, assures them, "that measures have been taken to support them by means of the British naval force, and to supply them with arms and ammunition, merely to enable them to maintain their commercial independence, *without any desire on the part of the king of England, to acquire any right of sovereignty over them, or to interfere with their civil, political, or religious rights*; unless they themselves should in any degree solicit his protection." Let us consider the effect which this proposal was calculated to make upon the minds of the people of South America, when contrasted with the conduct directed to be pursued in the instructions to the assailants of Buenos Ayres. In the instructions to general Whitelocke [See the documents published in the Appen-

had this fortunate effect, that it has given us, nationally, a much juster idea than we formerly possessed, of the value of the South American population. It has turned the public curiosity more forcibly toward that quarter of the world; and it has afforded us some precious evidence of the desire which pervades South America to shake off the yoke of a foreign government, and assume the guidance of its own affairs.

The men who had succeeded to power, when general Miranda returned to England, were prepared to embark in the scheme with real energy. After various delays, a force was at last assembled. And it has been oftener than once publicly stated, we believe, with perfect accuracy, that the expedition which was prepared at Cork last summer, and which was to be commanded by sir Arthur Wellesley, was intended to cooperate with Miranda in the long projected measure of emancipating South America; and, had not the extraordinary revolution which broke out in Spain given to those forces a different destination, it is probable that, by this time, that important measure would at length have been accomplished.

We are now once more at peace with the Spanish nation; and, of

dix to Whitelocke's Trial, p. 8.] is the following passage. "With the force above stated, you will proceed to execute the service intrusted to you, *by the reduction of the province of Buenos Ayres under the authority of his majesty.*" In the next page, he is directed "not to introduce into the government any other change than that which must necessarily arise from the substitution of his majesty's authority for that of the king of Spain." In the instructions likewise to general Crauford respecting Chili, he is commanded to make no other changes "than that of placing the country under his majesty's protection and government;" and told, "that the form of the former government is to be preserved, subject only to the changes which *the substitution of his majesty's authority for that of the king of Spain may render inevitable.*"

course, all idea of using force to detach her colonies is out of the question. We are not only at peace, but we are in alliance with her. A generous sympathy with a people contending for their independence has had, at least, as much share in producing that alliance, as our common hostility to their oppressor. We are bound, therefore, by every consideration of national honour, to abstain, while this struggle lasts, from any step which might admit of being construed into an injury or offence to our allies. If the Spaniards, therefore, should succeed in repelling their invaders, and should remain in peace and alliance with us, we must renounce, of course, all notion of emancipating her colonies without her consent. Incalculably beneficial as such an event would be for us, and even for Spain herself, and impossible as it might be for any efforts of her's long to prevent its occurrence, still we conceive, that the relations of peace and amity in which we should stand with that power, would prevent *us* from interfering to promote it, and tie up our hands from attempting to separate from her those dependencies upon which she still set a value, although she might really derive no benefit from their possession, and might be guilty of the greatest oppression with regard to them. If it were possible, therefore, for us to entertain those pleasing views on the probable issue of the present contest in Spain, to which some of our more sanguine countrymen seem still to adhere, we should only have to say, that we should trust with some confidence, that the same spirit and intelligence which had been triumphant in Europe, would be just and generous in America. And that the amended government and enlightened councils of regenerated Spain, would relax the severity of its control over its remote dependencies, and yield, spontaneously, to its transatlantic chil-

dren, that emancipation for which they have hitherto relied, rather on the weakness, than the beneficence, of their mother country.

These, however, alas! are speculations in which it appears to us that no sober man can now allow himself to indulge. The fate of Spain, we think, is decided; and that fine and misguided country has probably yielded, by this time,* to the fate which has fallen on the greater part of continental Europe. Her European dominions have yielded already to the unrelaxing grasp of the insatiable

conqueror; and his ambition and cupidity have no doubt already scented their quarry in her American possessions. At this moment, we have no doubt, his restless intriguers are at work to poison the pure fountains of patriotism and concord in these distant regions; and forces are preparing to trample down those sparks of independence which the slightest stirring would now spread into an unquenchable blaze. A moment is yet left us, to resolve on what may soon be impracticable.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Publick Characters of 1809-10, 8vo. pp. 684. London. 1809.

FROM an ill-written "Preface" to this strange production, it appears that the editor has been, for some years, in the practice of sallying forth on the king's highway, seizing upon numbers of unsuspecting people, under the extraordinary pretence of their being "PUBLICK CHARACTERS," and dressing them up with caps and bells, and other derogatory appendages of folly, for the entertainment of such as chose to lay out a few shillings on so indecorous a spectacle.

The only plea advanced by him for this annual outrage on the peace of society, is, that the victims of it are dizenied out in such beautiful colours, that they cannot choose but be delighted with their own appearance. This is adding mockery to injury. The wardrobe of a puppet show is more magnificent than the frippery thus forced upon them; and the bungling wretches employed to string the tawdry tatters together, must have served their apprenticeship to the furnishers of garden scarecrows.

The first, or, as we rather think, the second person who figures in the group of this year, is "the reverend

William Coxe, M. A. F. R. S. and F. S. A. Archdeacon of Wilts and Rector of Bemerton." His appearance is not a little comical; and we should endeavour to give our readers some idea of it, did we not consider him as "a man more sinned against than sinning," and no less grieved than ashamed at his involuntary degradation.

But though we feel unmixed pity for sufferers of this description, we cannot be so indulgent to those who rush into the circle, *uncaught*, and exhibit their foppery for the gratification of individual vanity. Towards the conclusion of the show, "Mr. M. P. Andrews, M. P. for Bewdley in Worcestershire," steps gayly forward, and, with the air and gait of a morris-dancer, enters upon a ridiculous display of his accomplishments.

He begins with a scrap of bad Italian; after which he informs the audience that he was destined for the counting house; but that, "instead of thumbing over the leger, he became enraptured with the poets of ancient days, and wooed the muses with considerable success." p. 523.

Of these raptures, and his success, he gives a specimen, in a prologue of several pages, in which, he adds, "he

* January 1809.

is allowed to have displayed peculiar excellence." p. 525.

"Lady Drawcansir came to me last night :
'Oh! my dear ma'am, I am in such a
fright ;

They've drawn me for a man, and what is
worse,

I am to soldier it, and mount a horse :

Must wear the breeches!"—Says I, 'don't
deplore

What in your husband's life you always
wore," &c.

Notwithstanding the radiance shed
around him by these, and a hundred
other verses, nearly equal to them in
glory, Mr. M. P. A. absolutely star-
tles our credulity by affirming, with
apparent seriousness, that "he was
not *dazzled* with his good fortune."
p. 529.

He next produces a list of his nu-
merous farces,—farces of which the
very names have perished from all
memory but his own,—and, that no
possible wish may remain ungratified,
in a matter of such moment, he con-
siderately subjoins "the cast of the
characters at Covent Garden."

A rapid transition is then made
from poetry to politicks, and we learn
that Mr. M. P. A. has "sat during
five successive parliaments, made one

speech, and given two votes for the
prince of Wales." p. 530.

Lastly—but the reader shall have
it in his own words : and we must do
the speaker the justice to say, that,
in every requisite of fine language,
what follows is, at least, equal to the
very best parts of this curious exhi-
bition of "Publick Characters."

"But it is chiefly as a member of
the bon ton that colonel Andrews"—
[mark that, the colonel!] "has render-
ed himself conspicuous. His house
is occasionally thrown open to the first
company, and no private gentleman,
perhaps, has ever possessed a more
elegant assemblage of lords and ladies
than have made their appearance at
his routes. His noble withdrawing
rooms, uniting with the brilliancy of
an audience chamber all the effects
of a conservatory, exhibit, amidst the
severest rigours of winter, a parterre
of blooming dutchesses, marchio-
nesses, countesses, baronesses, &c.
and had he realized his early inclina-
tions, and repaired to the east, his
harem, even if he had become a
Turkish bashaw, would have turned
pale at the sight of so many fine spe-
cimens of British beauty." p. 532.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Anecdotes of Birds, or short Accounts of their Habits in a State of Nature, collected
from the best Authors in Natural History. With Figures engraved on Wood. 12mo.
5s. 1809.

THIS is a very entertaining and
useful book, exceedingly well calcula-
ted to make young persons acquainted
with certain familiar parts of natural
history of which it is a disgrace to be
ignorant. The accounts are select-
ed from Pennant, White, Latham,
Hearne, &c. The following anecdote
of the common cock, is whimsical,
and we are assured it is authentick.

"In a gentleman's yard in the country,
who kept a stock of poultry, an old turkey
cock used to take delight in chasing a
young cock round the yard and orchard,
and whenever he could overtake him used
to fight him unmercifully; he also con-
stantly drove him from his meat when

they were fed. As the cock grew and
obtained strength, he began to resist this
violence, and, after repeated battles, at
last obtained the masterhood. The tables
were now completely turned, and the
cock exercised as much oppression over
the turkey cock as he had before received
from him. In fact, he could not come in
sight of the cock but he was instantly
chased round the premises, and it was a
ludicrous sight to see so large a bird run-
ning with all his speed from an adversary
so much smaller than himself. At last
he was found dead with his head and
neck thrust into a heap of brushwood,
where he had vainly expected to be shel-
tered from his exasperated antagonist, and
thus fell a victim to his tyranny."

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

An Account of the Sufferings of the Crew of two Schooners, part of the Squadron of General Miranda, which were taken by two Spanish Guarda-Costas, in June 1806. Written by one of the Sufferers who made his escape.

[The world knows little of the extraordinary expedition of General Miranda to the Spanish Main, in 1806; but it will be remembered that he arrived in the Gulf of Mexico with an armed Brig and two Schooners, and that in a rencontre with two Guarda-Costas, the schooners were both taken. We are now enabled to lay before our readers the particulars of the treatment their crews met with from the Spaniards — The trials tend also to throw some light on the Expedition itself.]

TOWARDS the end of June, the lieutenant governour of Caraccas, accompanied by four assistant officers or judges, together with an interpreter for each officer, arrived at Porto Cavello, for the purpose of taking the examination of the prisoners. They assembled in the guard house, within the walls of Castle St. Philip, in a large room fitted up for that purpose. In this room were placed five separate benches with desks; at one of which was seated the lieutenant governour, with an interpreter; at the other four, each of the other judges, with an interpreter also.

The ordinary appearance of the place, together with the undignified looks of the judges, could scarcely induce the prisoners to believe that this was the tribunal before which they were to be tried for their lives. Nor were they a little surprised, when they ascertained, by the course of the proceedings, that they were to be compelled to give evidence, under oath, against themselves, and against each other; and upon this testimony alone they were to be convicted.

The judges being ready to proceed, caused five of the prisoners to be brought up in the first place. They were informed of the charges exhibited against them, viz. piracy, rebel-

lion, and murdering one of his Catholick majesty's subjects. They were then asked to describe the manner in which oaths are administered in their own country; which having done, they were requested to lay their hands upon the Bible and administer the oaths to themselves, agreeable to the manner in which they had been accustomed to swear.

The five prisoners were thus distributed, one to each judge, seated at his respective desk, all being in one room, and some little distance from each other.

In the middle of the floor, lay a number of arms and instruments of war, such as guns, rifles, axes, pistols, pikes, swords, and shovels; also, Miranda's colours, uniform clothes, and a number of his proclamations; all which were taken from on board of the schooners.

The judges commenced their examination by their interpreters, who put the questions in English, and gave the answers to the judges. They continued to examine them for the space of four or five hours, when they were returned to the prison, and five others brought up in their places. In this manner the examination proceeded for the space of two weeks before it ended.

The following were the general questions and answers, put to one of the prisoners, who has since regained his liberty.

Q. How old are you?

A. About twenty-two years.

Q. Where was you born, and where do your parents reside?

A. I was born in the state of Massachusetts; my parents reside in New York.

Q. Why did you leave New York?

A. To seek my fortune.

Q. Who engaged you to go on board of the *Leander*?

A. Colonel Armstrong.

Q. Where was you engaged to go?

A. To Jacmel, and from there to other places, not disclosed to me at the time of the engagement.

Q. Did you know that you was coming here?

A. No. Porto Cavello was not mentioned.

Q. Did Miranda also engage you to go on board of the *Leander*?

A. I did not know there was such a person until the *Leander* had left the port of New York.

Q. In what capacity did you enter on board of the *Leander*?

A. As a printer.

Q. How came you to change that capacity and accept of a military commission under Miranda?

A. From motives of personal convenience.

Q. Was you not a lieutenant in a rifle regiment, under Miranda, as mentioned in this paper? [showing him a list of officers commissioned by Miranda, and which was found in the possession of one of the officers.]

A. Yes; but did not know then that I was coming to this place.

Q. At what place did you stop on your voyage?

A. At St. Domingo and the island of Aruba.

Q. Did you not go on shore at Aruba in uniform, in company with other officers, and did you not manœuvre there for the purpose of making an attack upon the Main?

A. We manœuvred there, for the purpose of making an attack upon some place which Miranda had in view; but what place, many of his men did not know.

Q. Did you not come to the Main for the purpose of assisting Miranda in fighting against this government, and in revolutionising the country?

A. It was represented by Miranda, that no fighting would be necessary to effect

the object, whatever it was, he had in view.

Q. What was the real object of Miranda in coming to the Main?

A. I do not know; but understood it was to better the condition of the Spanish people.

Q. Do you know the names of any persons here, who were expected would join Miranda?

A. I do not.

Q. Were there any private signals made to you from the shore, by any persons residing here?

A. I saw none.

Q. Was the *Leander* boarded on her voyage by any English vessel?

A. Yes; the *Cleopatra*.

Q. Was there any private conversation between the commander and Miranda?

A. Yes; but what the purport of it was I do not know.

Q. Did Miranda go on board of her and stay several hours?

A. He did; he stopped one night on board.

Q. Was the *Leander* armed, and loaded with arms and warlike stores?

A. Yes.

Q. How many stand of arms had she on board?

A. About twelve hundred.

Q. Did you not erect a printing press at Jacmel, and print a number of proclamations, and is not this one of them? [showing him one of the proclamations, in the Spanish language.]

A. Yes; and this may be one of them; but I did not know the purport of it, as I am ignorant of the Spanish language.

Q. Do you know what that word means? [pointing to the word, *Madrid*.]

A. It means, I presume, the capital of old Spain.

Q. Is that all you know of it here?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know those articles? [pointing to the warlike instruments lying upon the floor.]

A. I have seen the like before; perhaps the same.

Q. Did not those persons who went on shore, go there for the purpose of distributing these proclamations?

A. No. They went for amusement.

Q. Is not that your regimental coat?

A. I do not know. It may be the coat I was obliged to wear.

Q. Did you understand that Miranda fitted out his expedition by the consent of your government?

A. No. He kept his object and operations concealed from the publick. It was a private undertaking of his own.

Q. Were not the principal persons who embarked in Miranda's expedition, bankrupts and broken merchants?

A. I was not acquainted with their circumstances: there might be some of this description.

A number of other questions were put, and answered; but being of a trifling nature, comparatively speaking, are not here inserted.

After they had finished examining the prisoner, he was then told by his judge, that if he would relate every thing he knew relating to the expedition, the names of those who were concerned in it, and those that were expected would join Miranda, his chains should be taken off, and he set at liberty, and sent home to America. To which he answered, that he had disclosed all he knew of consequence, or particularly recollected.

The following were questions put to another prisoner, who has also effected his return home.

Q. What religion are you of?

A. The presbyterian persuasion.

Q. Where was you born and brought up?

A. In New York.

Q. Who engaged you to embark in Miranda's expedition?

A. One John Fink, of New York, butcher.

Q. Did you know Miranda, in New York?

A. No. I did not know him until I was six days at sea.

Q. Where was you engaged to go?

A. I was engaged to go, in the first place, to Alexandria, where I was to land. From thence I was to march to Washington, where I was to be equipped with a horse, saddle, and bridle, and in company with other persons, I was to march to New Orleans to guard the mail.

Q. Was Miranda's expedition sanctioned by your government?

A. I do not know. I did not know there was such an expedition as it afterwards proved to be.

Q. Do you know the names of any Spaniards here, whom Miranda relied upon joining him?

A. I do not.

Q. Was you not occupied in Jacmel, in putting handles to pikes?

A. Yes; I was obliged to do it.

Q. Did you not bring those axes [pointing to some on the floor] for the purpose

of cutting off our heads, and those shovels to bury us?

A. I never knew what use was to be made of them.

Q. Do not you think you deserve hanging?

A. No. What I did I was obliged to do, contrary to my will.

Q. Do not you think you ought rather to die than be compelled to commit a crime?

A. No. I have always understood that self-preservation was the first law of nature.

Q. Why did you not all rise and take command of the schooner, after you discovered her intention?

A. We did attempt it once, but failed. We had agreed to attempt a second time, on the evening of that day we were taken.

After the examination of all the prisoners was gone through, they were again brought up the second time, when similar questions were put to them as before, and similar answers made.

The examinations were then taken by the lieutenant-governour and judges to Caraccas, where, as was understood, they were laid before a military court, assembled for the purpose of pronouncing judgment. They remained under their consideration for several days, before any thing was determined upon.

During that time the prisoners remained in confinement, suffering almost every deprivation, and reflecting upon what would be their doom. Some were entirely indifferent, and were willing to meet death, rather than endure their situation. Emaciated, sick, and obliged to endure filth, bad air, and unwholesome food, many were tired of life.

On the 20th of July, about eleven o'clock in the morning, the prison doors were thrown open, which presented to our view a large body of armed soldiers, drawn up round the prison door with muskets aimed towards us, loaded, cocked, and bayonets fixed. All expected instant death. However, we were ordered out, and placed in a line for marching; the soldiers on each side with their muskets pointed towards us. There was

little danger of the prisoners escaping, being in irons, and so weak and emaciated as to just be able to walk.

They were then ordered to march forward, which they did, though slowly, as their ancles were still in irons. In this situation they were marched into a yard, walled round, and ordered upon their knees; fronted by the soldiers at a little distance with their muskets still aimed at them and ready to fire. Every moment the word fire was expected.

Shortly appeared the interpreter, accompanied by one or two officers, and two or three Roman Catholick priests. The following persons being called:

Francis Farquarson,	Daniel Kemper,
Charles Johnson,	John Ferris,
Miles L. Hall,	James Gardner,
Thomas Billopp,	Thomas Donohue,
Gustavus A. Bergud,	Paul T. George.

The interpreter then read to them, from a paper which he held in his hand, the following sentence:

"In the morning of to morrow, at six o'clock, you and each of you are sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead; after which your heads are to be severed from your bodies and placed upon poles, and distributed in publick parts of the country."

The following persons were then called and sentenced to ten years imprisonment, at hard labour, in the castle of Omoa, near the Bay of Honduras, and after that time, to await the king's pleasure:

John T. O'Sullivan,	Henry Ingersoll,
Jeremiah Powell,	Thomas Gill,
John H. Sherman,	John Edsall,
David Heckle & Son,	John Hays,
John Moore,	Daniel M'Kay,
John M. Elliott,	Bennett B. Vegas,
Robert Saunders,	Peter Naulty.

The following persons were sentenced to the same punishment, for the same length of time, at the castle of Porto Rico.

Wm. W. Lippincott,	Stephen Burtis,
Moses Smith,	John Burk,
Matthew Buchanan,	Phineas Raymond,
Alex. Buchanan,	Joseph Bennett,
John Parsells,	Eaton Burlingham,
David Winton,	James Grant,
John Scott,	Frederick Riggus,

And the following persons were sentenced to the same punishment, at the castle of Bocca Chica, in Carthagera, except their terms of servitude were eight years instead of ten.

William Long,	William Cartwright,
Benjamin Davis,	Samuel Touzier,
Joseph L. Heckle,	William Burnside,
Henry Sperry,	Abraham Head,
Robert Steavison,	James Hyatt,
Benj. Nicholson,	William Pride,
Samuel Price,	Pompey Grant,
Elery King,	George Ferguson,
Hugh Smith,	Robert Rains.
Daniel Newbury.	

Those persons who were sentenced to Omoa, were principally officers and noncommissioned officers, under Miranda. Those sentenced to Porto Rico, were generally privates and mechanicks; and those sentenced to Bocca Chica, were generally seamen.

On the morning of the 21st of July, about six o'clock, the prisoners were alarmed by the noise of an assemblage of Spanish soldiers at the door of the prison; when presently the door was thrown open, and discovered to their view about three hundred soldiers, with muskets loaded, bayonets fixed, and arrayed in two lines on the right and left of the prison door, facing inwards, and in a position of charged bayonets.

The prisoners, after being ordered to put on what clothes they had (which were nothing more than a piece of shirt, and a pair of ragged pantaloons; some had not even those articles) they were lashed two together by the elbows, and placed in a line, between the soldiers, for marching. The ten prisoners to be executed were then brought out, and with their hands lashed fast before, and with white robes on, that extended from the lower part of their necks to their heels, and white caps upon their heads, were placed in front. In front of them, were placed the three catholick prisoners, attended by three priests, carrying in their hands the holy cross, and accompanied with attendants carrying the sacrament, wax candles, and other implements

of the church. In this situation the prisoners, with their irons upon their feet, marched slowly along between the lines of soldiers, out of the walls of the castle, to the gallows.

Castle St. Philip is situated upon a large, level space of ground, in the harbour of Porto Cavello, and separated from the town by a narrow arm of water. The walls are nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference; about fourteen feet high, and about thirteen feet thick, forming also the outward walls of the prison; mounted with about fifty pieces of large metal. Outside of the walls, and fronting the town, is a large area, for the purpose of exercising the soldiers, &c. Upon this spot the gallows was erected, being about forty rods from the prison.

The gallows was about twenty feet long and fifteen feet high, and separated in the middle by a post, making two divisions and two pair of steps, one for the Roman Catholick prisoners, as directed by the priests, and the other for the presbyterians, or hereticks, as they were called. Whence it appeared that they could separate their bodies, if they could not their souls afterwards. About half way up the middle post were placed Miranda's colours. Underneath them lay the instruments of war, taken from the schooners, together with the military coats, hats, and feathers of the officers.

After the procession reached the gallows, those to be executed were taken to the front. The other prisoners were drawn up in the rear, so as to be in front of each other as they ascended the steps. Immediately round the prisoners were drawn up two or three companies of uniform soldiers, principally Old Spaniards. In the rear of those were several companies of militia, the greater part of whom were natives of the country. At a little distance, in the rear of these, were drawn up several companies of artillery; and along the shore of the town of Porto Cavello, were

stationed a number of companies of cavalry. From this extensive military force, brought to attend the execution, some concluded that an opposition was feared from persons friendly disposed to Miranda; but nothing of that kind was manifested.

Being ready to proceed to the execution, the prisoners waited their fate with a composure of mind that seemed to evince a reconciled conscience. Not the least intimidated, they discovered a firmness and resolution indicative of soldiers.

Mr. Farquarson being first selected to meet his fate, was led to the steps of the gallows, by a negro slave, who acted as the jack ketch of the day, and for which he was promised his liberty. His irons were then knocked off, and he led up to the top of the scaffold, where he was seated, fronting his fellow prisoners. The ropes* being placed round his neck, he rose upon his feet and took a final farewell of his companions, wishing them a better fate. The negro then gave him a push from the top of the scaffold, and launched him into eternity. Immediately the negro let himself down upon the ropes, and seating himself upon the shoulders, with his feet hanging upon the breast, beat the breath out of the body with his heels; then jumping down, caught the body by the feet, and pulled it towards one end of the gallows to make room for another.

In the same manner they proceeded to execute Mr. Billopp, Kemper, Bergud, Hall, Johnson, and Ferris; after which they proceeded in a like manner to execute the three Roman Catholick prisoners, Gardner, Donohue, and George, who were constantly attended by their priests. They were taken to the other part of the gallows, where they again received

* The Spaniards use two ropes in their manner of hanging: one something smaller than the other, and a few inches shorter, which serves to break the neck, while the other sustains the weight of the body.

the sacrament, each one was accompanied to the top of the steps by his priest.

All of them, except one, had a few words to address to their companions, by the way of taking leave of them. Bergud, a native of Poland, and a brave fellow, evinced a great contempt of death. After the ropes were round his neck, he observed: "Fellow prisoners, we have all suffered much, but my sufferings will soon end. I die innocent, and relief will come from that source [pointing to Miranda's colours.] Miranda's arms will rid you of your chains, and triumph over your oppressors. When that shall happen, remember to avenge my death." Then, without waiting for the executioner, he jumped from the scaffold, and ended his existence at once.

Mr. Donohue, after his priest had left him, observed: "Fellow prisoners, I wish you a final adieu; [then pointing towards the Spaniards] these bloodhounds will pay ten-fold for this ere long."

Every one evinced a similar firmness of mind, and met their fate with an unchanged countenance, except Mr. George,* a young man, and the last one executed; who, instead of acquiring resolution, by the examples of intrepidity, which had been set him by his companions, was disheartened by the shocking sight which was left after life was extinguished. He sunk under the weighty thought of encountering an unknown eternity. He fainted just as he was about to ascend the steps. After some exertion he was brought to his recollection, and taken immediately to the top of the scaffold, the ropes put round his

neck, and he swung off without saying a word.

After they were all hung, the executioner began at the first one, cut the ropes and let him drop to the ground, and passed on in the same manner through the whole. The fall, being some distance from the ground, broke many of their limbs, which piercing through the flesh, presented a shocking sight to their surviving countrymen. Each body was then taken, and laid upon a bench, with the head upon a block. The negro, with a chopping knife, cut the heads from their shoulders, and taking them by the hair, held them up, bleeding, to the view of the spectators. The rest were served in the same manner.

After this scene of blood was finished, Miranda's colours were cut down and triumphantly carried to a little distance from the gallows, where were placed in one pile, the uniform coats and hats of the officers, their commissions, arms, and implements of war, together with Miranda's proclamations. Upon this pile the colours were placed, and then set fire to and burnt to ashes.

Their heads afterwards were taken, agreeable to the sentence, and distributed to the different adjacent publick places. Three were put up at Lagaira, two at Caraccas, two at Occomanus, two at Valentia, and one at Porto Cavello. They were put into iron cages, prepared for that purpose, placed upon poles, which were erected in conspicuous places, so as to strike the attention of the people.

This horrid scene of death and butchery being over, after having lasted from six o'clock in the morning, till about one o'clock in the afternoon, the remainder of the prisoners, with heavy hearts, were returned to their respective prisons, there to remain until the Spaniards were ready to transport them to their respective places of servitude.

After witnessing the execution of their ten companions, the prisoners

* This young man was by birth a Portuguese. He left a wealthy and miserly parent, in consequence of being too severely restricted in pecuniary indulgence, and came to New York. After spending some time in a state of idleness, and being short of money, he embarked in Miranda's expedition, flushed with the idea of making a fortune at one stroke.

remained in confinement without any alteration of their condition, except, from the heat of the weather, and the weight of their irons, their sufferings were more insupportable than they had been. They anxiously wished for the day when they were to be taken out for the purpose of being removed to their respective places of servitude; inasmuch as they cherished a hope, that some auspicious circumstance might favour an escape. The expected period arrived on the 7th of August, when they were all examined, their irons inspected, and more firmly rivetted upon them; and about four o'clock, P. M. taken out and carried on board of an armed merchant ship (the Prince of Peace) of ten guns, for the purpose of being conveyed to Carthagena, an extensive Spanish seaport town, situated on the Main, and about three hundred leagues from Porto Cavello. At the mouth of the harbour of this place, is situated Bocca Chica, whither a portion of the prisoners had been sentenced. At this place the remainder were to remain, until they could be conveniently transported to their destined places.

The prisoners were all placed between the decks, and guarded by about fifty soldiers, placed on board, exclusive of the ship's crew, for that purpose. In consequence of this guard, it was extremely difficult to put in execution any effectual plan for the purpose of regaining their liberty, notwithstanding the extreme indolence of the soldiers, who spent the greater part of their time either sleeping or smoking. Several schemes were concerted, and all frustrated. Preparations were made at one time for ridding themselves of their irons, which was to be effected during the night; when they were to rise upon the guard, take command of the vessel, and carry her into some port where they might escape. Had this bold attempt been undertaken without success, several lives, no doubt, would have been lost. Their situation was desperate; and desperate

means were necessary to be attempted. Just before the appointed time arrived, they were surprised to see the number of the guards about their persons increased, themselves examined, and their irons thoroughly inspected. This excited a suspicion, that some one of their number, whose heart failed him, had betrayed them.

Two or three at a time had been permitted to go upon deck, during the day time, and remain an hour or two in the fresh air. These indulgences were attributed to the fear of the commander, of being captured by some English vessel with whom they might fall in during their voyage; when their severe treatment might be retaliated.

The prisoners, finding they had failed in one scheme, had recourse to another. It was proposed and agreed to, that in case they should not happen to fall into the hands of the English, before they should reach Carthagena, one of them, at a time to be agreed upon, should descend into the magazine room, and by means of a lighted cigar, set fire to the powder, and put an end, at once, to their sufferings, by blowing themselves and the vessel out of existence. This scheme met with the same ill success as the former.

They were now arrived in sight of Carthagena, and all hopes of being captured or of escape were gone. Just as they were making the port, an English frigate hove in sight, and in full chase after them—but she was too late. An uncommon fatality seemed to attend all their prospects of relief. They arrived in Carthagena on the 17th of August 1806, after a voyage of ten days.

On the next day they were all taken out and marched up through the gate of the walls of the town, and through the town to the prison, ready to receive them. The sorrowful appearance the prisoners made in marching along in their irons through the town (about 47 in number) not having any thing upon their heads, but exposed to the hot sun—

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without any thing upon their feet, and in rags, drew forth a multitude of Spaniards to behold them. Surrounded with men, women, and children, it was with difficulty they could make headway through them. The shabby appearance of a majority of the inhabitants showed, that the prisoners were not entirely out of fashion in their tattered dress.

After arriving at the place of confinement, they were separated and put into three different rooms or holes, almost destitute of the light of the sun; cut off from the circulation of the air; hot, filthy, and without any thing to rest their heads upon but the bare ground. Whilst reflecting upon these sorrowful regions of despair, they were comforted by the information from their keeper, that these were only temporary places of confinement until another one was fitted up.

The prison which was fitted up to receive the prisoners was adjacent to, and formed a part of the walls of the town, or the walls of the town formed the back walls of the prison—the front facing in upon the town. The walls were made of stone and lime, about 12 or 13 feet thick. The rooms or cells, in which the prisoners were to be confined, were about 90 feet long and about 30 wide. There were no windows or holes to let in light, except through the gratings of the door, where the guard was placed—a few small air holes led through the back of the prison; and sentinels were placed upon the top of the prison walls. The floor of the prison was made of bricks, which formed the only pillows the prisoners had to lay their heads upon. To this prison all were removed after remaining several days in their temporary places of confinement, except those who were sentenced to labour at Bocca Chica. They were taken out and commenced their term of servitude, of which mention will be made afterwards. This prison, although of a similar make to the first, they were happy to

find, afforded them more room, more air, and more light.

They were now reduced to the number of twenty-eight, who were all confined in one apartment. Their irons were examined and more strongly riveted upon them. Those irons consisted of two heavy clevises which were placed round the ancles, at the ends of which were holes, and through these ran an iron bolt, fastening them upon the ancles and joining one ancle with the other, at about six inches apart, just enabling them to limp along, by hitching one foot before the other. These irons weighed about 20 or 25 pounds weight. At first their ancles became so galled by them, which continually fretted the flesh whenever they attempted to exercise, that it was with difficulty they could walk about the floor of the prison. At length having grown lank and thin by the loss of flesh, they were enabled to raise the irons almost up to their knees, and by means of strings tied to the bolts and round their necks, kept them in that situation, by which they were much relieved in walking.

Their keeper was an Old-Spanier, and a sergeant of the guards. He was intrusted with the superintendence of all the prisoners in confinement. He kept a kind of provision shop, near the prison, and was the purveyor of the prisoners, and supplied them, in behalf of the government, with food. The prisoners were served twice a day, with a sort of fare, consisting of boiled plantains, rice, and water, and sometimes a small piece of fish. About one pint of this pottage was served out to each, in the fore part of the day; and towards evening the same repeated. In some seasons of the year, when vegetables and food were not so plenty, they were scantied to a little rice and water, or a boiled plantain or two, scarcely sufficient to support nature. Their allowance was eighteen pence per day. This was paid to the old sergeant, who for one shilling a piece, supplied

them with those two meals a day, and the surplus six pence he paid them. This money they either laid out in buying more food, or some kind of covering for their bodies, or laid it up till times of sickness. After a while, they were allowed the eighteen pence in money, instead of food, with which they were to support themselves.

In this situation they were to remain, as they were told, until they could be removed to their places of labour. It was, however, understood that they would not be removed during the war between England and Spain, as the harbour was continually blockaded by English vessels.

Those nineteen prisoners who were sentenced to the Castle Bocca Chica [Little Mouth] which is situated at the mouth of the harbour of Carthagena, were taken out and put to labour in the town of Carthagena; their irons were taken off—an iron band put round each of their ancles, with a staple in it, by which two persons were chained together, with a large ox-chain about 20 feet long, and weighing fifty or eighty pounds.—They were then put to labour with the common criminal convict slaves of the place. Their labour consists principally in digging, fetching, and carrying large stones and sand, for the purpose of building fortifications, &c.—this they do upon a handbarrow. After they get their load upon the handbarrow, they place upon it their chains, which would otherwise drag upon the ground, and proceed to carry it wherever it may be wanted.

When they were let out to labour, being almost naked, the scorching sun was so powerful, as to raise blisters upon the parts exposed to the heat; the middle of the day was almost insupportable, many would faint and fall under the load they were compelled to carry. This, instead of exciting pity, would only bring upon them the lash of the negro slave-driver, who attended them. At first they suffered much for want of hats.

These they procured out of the money which was allowed them to live upon. The large straw hats were of great service in screening much of their bodies from the sun. After labouring in this manner for some time, they became more accustomed to the climate, their skins were soon tanned from white to brown, and the heat became more endurable. They are called up in the morning by their drivers, at daylight, and put to work. At noon and night they are permitted to eat whatever they can procure with their scanty pittance. At night they are locked up in a prison, where they rest till morning. They passed and repassed the prison where their fellow countrymen were confined, but were not permitted to have any access to them. Whenever any one was sick, he was sent to the slaves' hospital, where he remained till his health was recovered. In this manner they still continue to wear out their wearied lives.

Soon after their imprisonment, several were attacked with fevers, the flux, black jaundice, and other disorders that prevail during the sickly season. Their complaints were little attended to by their keepers. No assistance was offered them at first. They were obliged to endure their sickness, lying upon the hard tiles of the prison floor. At length one of the prisoners, by the name of John Burk, died. This excited more attention to their complaints, and shortly afterwards, they were indulged with the liberty of going to the hospital whenever they were unwell.

The prisoners seeing no prospect of meliorating their condition, turned their attention to the making of a breach in the wall of the prison. Every convenient moment that could be embraced, with safety, was appropriated to that purpose, not only during the night, but sometimes during the day. The person from whom detection was most to be feared, was the sentinel at the door, and by watching his motions through the grates,

they might direct the one at work, in such a manner as to avoid suspicion. During the night, a lamp was kept continually burning in the back part of the prison, for the benefit of the sentinel; and as the prisoners had little else to do in the day time, except to indulge themselves in sleep and rest, it was generally the case that more or less of them were up during the night, walking the floor for exercise and air. This practice was now regularly pursued, that the noise of their irons and their talk, might drown the noise of the hammer. The hole where they were at work, was at the further end of the prison, and about 80 feet from the door, so that no uncommon noise beyond what was constantly made amongst so many prisoners, was required to deceive the ears of the sentinel. The wall, through which they expected to pass, was about thirteen feet thick, and was made of stones, bricks, and mortar cemented together. The stones were not of the hardest kind, but generally such as are found along the seashore, from whence they were brought. After one night's work was over, and just before morning, the pieces of stone, brick, and mortar, &c. which came from the hole, were by means of water and lime, which was privately procured, made into a kind of mortar, and replaced into the hole, the outside rubbed over with a little white-wash, and the old hammock hung before it as usual. So that the keeper when he came into the prison, seeing every thing in its proper place, his suspicion was not excited, nor had he any curiosity to make any particular examinations.

In this manner they continued to pursue their labour, alternately relieving each other, particularly those who made their escape; the principal part of the rest being averse to the attempt, conceiving it hazardous, and that it possibly might involve them in a worse situation. But Mr. Lippincott, Sherman, and Smith, were determined to persevere and take the

risk and blame upon themselves. Sometimes the sickness and removal of several of the prisoners to the hospital, would cause a cessation of their progress for awhile; but it was again renewed upon their recovery.

In order to be prepared to rid themselves of their irons, by the time the hole through the walls should be completed, or upon any other favourable occasion, they procured (by certain out-door assistance) several old knives, which by means of a file they made into saws. With these, while some were engaged at the walls, others were busy sawing upon their bolts, which passed through their ankle irons, and connected them together. When they ceased sawing, the saw cuts, made in the bolts, they filled up with wax, by which means they could scarcely be discovered upon inspection. After several months sawing, occasionally in this manner, they had succeeded in sawing their bolts so far off as to be enabled, with their hands, by bending them backwards and forwards, to break them apart. This being done, they filled the cuts up with wax, and remained in that situation, prepared to throw them off whenever occasion required.

Those who were sick at the hospital, having recovered, returned to their prison, and commenced working at the breach in the wall, with all possible diligence. Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Sherman had previously received from a friend certain advances in money, for which they gave him their bills on their friends in America. This money was privately smuggled into their prison. To this they were in a great measure indebted for their subsequent success. They were now enabled to obtain many things in prison necessary for carrying on their operations. They procured knives, files, &c. and a sufficiency of provisions by which they were enabled to recover strength to encounter the intended attempt. Many other advantages they derived from this source,

which it is not conceived necessary, here to enumerate.

They had now, after about seven months' diligent labour, though interrupted at intervals, so far finished the hole as to reach the outside of the prison walls. A few minutes would complete it so as to enable them to pass out.

About this time one of the prisoners, Mr. Jeremiah Powell, received a pardon from the king of Spain, and was discharged from his imprisonment.

On or about the 7th of November, 1807, about 11 o'clock at night, after the usual hour of rest, they prepared to take French leave of their old sergeant. They divided the number of prisoners, who were willing to risk the danger, into different companies, for better safety after they were out. Mr. Lippincott and Sherman formed one company by themselves. They then drew lots to ascertain who should first venture out, and the order in which they should proceed. The principal immediate danger to be apprehended, was from the sentinels upon the top of the wall, who might not happen to be asleep upon their post. The person who drew the first chance to go out, happened to be a prisoner who was unwell, and accordingly declined going. Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Sherman agreed with him to take his chance off his hands. Mr. Sherman having taken off his irons, first went out. Immediately Mr. Lippincott followed, and the rest pursued in their order. No noise was made, and the sentry remained undisturbed. Lippincott and Sherman crept round the walls of the town, until they came to a river, on the other side of which was a small village. After travelling up and down the shore of this river, they discovered a canoe hauled up before the door of a Spanish hut. This with great difficulty they dragged into the river, notwithstanding they were molested by dogs, whose noise was near thwarting their attempt. After ef-

fecting this, they crossed over, landed near a guard-house, and were near falling into the hands of the guard. Owing to the darkness of the night, however, they avoided them. Here they travelled about in search of a place where they could be concealed for the ensuing day, until being weak and fatigued with the difficulties they had encountered, their strength failed them, and they sat, or rather fell down in the street. It was nearly daylight; and they had but a short time to provide for their safety. At length discovering a light, in a small hut at some distance, they approached it, made themselves known to the poor tenants, as prisoners in distress, and immediately offered them two or three pieces of gold. They shook their heads, but upon doubling the sum, they consented to receive, and secret them for a short time. They remained in this situation until the next night, when they made their escape to another place, where they remained secreted for several weeks, when they made another move, trusting to their friend, which they carried in their pockets.

The other sixteen prisoners took a course along the edge of the shore, except Moses Smith, who being somewhat unwell, and unable to proceed, concealed himself in the bushes, where he lay until the second night, during which time the cavalry and other soldiers passed by, and were near falling upon him in pursuit of the prisoners. He crept out, and taking the course that Mr. Lippincott and Sherman had taken, crossed the river, where he again concealed himself until the ensuing night, being two days without eating. The next day he came across a friend who informed him where he could find Mr. Lippincott and Sherman. They received him in with them and afforded him their assistance. Shortly afterwards all three, Mr. Lippincott, Sherman, and Smith, embarked on board of a boat, that they procured for that purpose, and put to sea in expecta-

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tion of being picked up by some English vessel off the harbour. This expectation was realized, though not by an English vessel; and after a voyage of 31 days, they arrived safe in the United States in January 1808, when they proceeded to their homes at Philadelphia and New York, having been absent more than two years, and nearly two years in prison.

The other fifteen prisoners pursued the edge of the shore for about ten miles, when their progress was intercepted by a river or ferry. In pursuing this river up and down, in order to cross, they happened all to meet at an old Spaniard's house, for the purpose of procuring means to cross over. The Spaniard immediately knew who they were, and began to ask them some questions, and offered his services to assist them, which they gladly accepted. He engaged with them, that upon their giving him what money they had, he would conceal them that night, and the next ensuing night would carry

them to the Indian Territory, about 40 miles from Carthagena, where they might easily make their escape. This agreement they concluded, and paid him what money they had, being in the whole about 50 dollars. The next day the Spaniard was informed that the governour had offered ten dollars a head for them. This reward he found would amount to more than he had received from the prisoners. Accordingly, he went and most treacherously made an agreement with the government to give them up. The next day, towards evening, he, together with two or three other Spaniards, took the prisoners on board of a boat to carry them to the place agreed upon. After passing along by the town, he rowed them to the shore, under some pretence or other, when immediately appeared about 50 armed soldiers and horsemen, according to appointment, ready to receive them, and instantly took them into custody, and carried them back to their prison.

Observations on the Stratagems, &c. of Apes and Monkeys in a Wild State, and in Captivity.

INDEPENDENTLY of the general form of these animals, and of their external and internal organization, which in many respects present a striking and humiliating resemblance to those of men, their playfulness, their frolics, and gambols, have in all ages attracted the notice of mankind. Some naturalists have asserted, that they are capable of reasoning and reflecting; and that they are guided by an instinctive sagacity much superiour to that of the brute creation in general. They are, however, certainly destitute of every essential faculty of man: incapable as well of thought as of speech, there is an immense interval betwixt the creature formed in mind after the image of God, and these mere brutes, bearing some rude traits of the elemental parts of the human frame.

Every one will acknowledge that, in general, both apes and monkeys are excessively ugly. Their limbs are peculiarly strong; and they have great delight in breaking, tearing in pieces, or stealing whatever comes in their way. In all their operations and manœuvres, their agility is astonishing. Whenever any thing offends or throws them into a passion, they indicate their rage by chattering violently with their teeth. Many of them, if beaten, will sigh, groan, and weep, like children; but most of them, on these occasions, utter dreadful shrieks of distress. They make such ridiculous grimaces, place themselves in such strange and whimsical attitudes, and in other respects conduct themselves so singularly, that few persons, even of those who most dislike them, can, on these occasions,

refrain from smiling, and nearly all must be amused by them.

It is said, that there are some races of monkeys which keep up a certain discipline among themselves. Though active in the highest degree in pillaging plantations and cultivated grounds, they seldom go on important expeditions for this purpose but in numerous troops. If they meditate an attack, for instance, on a melon bed, a large party of them enters the garden. The animals range themselves, if possible, under a hedge or fence, at some distance from each other, and throw the melons, from hand to hand, with astonishing rapidity. The line they form usually terminates in a mountain or forest, and all their operations are executed during the most profound silence.

Wafer tells us, that when he was on shore in the island of Gorgonia, he observed several monkeys, of the *four fingered* species, come down, at low water, to the rocks of the seacoast, for the purpose of devouring oysters. They got at the food contained within the shells, by placing one oyster on a stone, and beating it in pieces with another. The *Malbrouk* of Bengal [*Simia Faunus* of Linnæus] is reported to do the same.

Many of these animals, and particularly the *preacher*, and *four fingered* monkeys [*Simia beelzebul* and *Simia paniscus* of Linnæus] have sometimes dreadful contentions, in which great numbers on both sides are frequently slain. They employ weapons in their combats; and often arm themselves with stones and pieces of wood, which they throw with sure aim, and astonishing violence, at each other. They have, on these occasions, neither deserters nor stragglers; for in times of danger they never forsake each other. They run along the plains, and even leap from tree to tree with surprising rapidity.

The instincts and sagacity of these animals are, in many instances, such as not to be injured or diminished

even by captivity. In some houses we see the *Wanderu* [*Simia Silenus* of Linnæus] a cunning and audacious monkey, much inclined to ridicule and grimace. He may be taught to dress and undress himself; to spin; to poke the fire; to push a wheelbarrow; or play on a tambourine. He will wash earthen vessels or glasses without breaking them, and carry light burthens from place to place, whenever he is ordered to do so. A monkey of this species has been observed to turn a spit with one hand whilst with the other he held a piece of bread under the meat to receive the gravy. It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that he immediately afterwards devoured it.

A wanderu was exhibited at Bourdeaux, in the year 1762, which by his actions excited much astonishment in the spectators. When mounted on an extended cord, he first stretched out each of his feet to have them chalked; then, taking in his hand a pole weighted at each end, similar to the balance employed by rope-dancers, he walked backward and forward, cut capers, and executed numerous other tricks, with infinitely greater ease and celerity than the most expert rope-dancer that had before been seen.

The monkeys, however, that are trained and educated by some of the Indian buffoons, are reported to be by far the most agile and adroit of all animals that are reared in captivity.

Some of the apes, such as the *orangutans*, the *patas*, and the *dog-faced apes*, are said always to place a sentinel on the top of a tree, or on some other elevated situation, to keep watch when the rest are either about to sleep or to engage in any marauding expedition. The motions or the cry of this animal are a signal of danger, and immediately the whole troop scampers off with the utmost rapidity. It has been asserted, but few persons will be inclined to credit the

assertion, that the sentinels are often punished with death for neglecting their duty.

The Europeans at the Cape of Good Hope sometimes catch young apes by stratagem, or by previously killing their dam, and bring them up with care for the purpose of rendering them afterwards serviceable. When they have attained their growth, they are taught to guard the house of their owner during the night, and on all occasions of his absence. This they do with great fidelity; but as they increase in age, their mischievous propensities develop themselves, and they oftentimes become extremely illtempered and ferocious. These apes, which are of the *ursine* species, are so much inclined to imitation, that they seldom see any thing done without attempting to do the same. Some of them are very stubborn and perverse; but many are readily susceptible of education, learning, without difficulty, almost every thing that is taught them.

Condamine and Bouger saw, in Peru, some domesticated monkeys of large size, which had been admitted into the apartments of the academicians, during the time they were employed in making observations in the mountains. These animals greatly excited the astonishment of the academicians, by afterwards, of their own accord, going through a series of imitations. They planted the signals, ran to the pendulum, and then immediately to the table, as if for the purpose of committing to paper the observations they had made. They occasionally pointed the telescopes towards the heavens, as if to view the planets or stars, and performed numerous other feats of a similar nature.

The whimsical occurrence which took place before the troops of Alexander the Great, is too singular and too amusing to be passed over in silence. The soldiers under command of this monarch always march-

ed in order of battle. They happened one night to encamp on a mountain, that was inhabited by a numerous tribe of monkeys. On the following morning, they saw at a distance what appeared to be an immense body of troops approaching them, as if with the intention of coming to an engagement. The commanders, as well as the soldiers, were in the utmost astonishment. Having entirely subdued the prince of the country, they could not conceive from whence this new force could have come. They had not previously been informed of any thing of the kind. The alarm was immediately given, and in a short time the whole Macedonian army was drawn up in battle-array, to combat with this unexpected enemy. The prince of the country, who was a prisoner in the camp, was interrogated respecting it. He was surprised to be informed of such a force in the neighbourhood, and requested permission to behold it himself. He smiled at the mistake; and the Macedonians were not a little chagrined that they should have been such fools as to take a troop of these imitative animals for a band of armed men.

All the apes and monkeys are reported to entertain a natural aversion and antipathy to the crocodile. It is said, that some of them will even faint at seeing or smelling the skin of one of these frightful reptiles.

The animals of that subdivision of the tribe denominated *sapajous* have long tails, which they can coil up, and employ in some respects, but particularly in descending trees, as a hand. By means of their tails, they are also able to swing themselves backward and forward amongst the branches of trees.

Monkeys are seldom known to produce young ones, except in hot climates. The *Barbary apes*, however, [*Simia inuus* of Linnæus] which are found wild at Gibraltar, bring young ones in great abundance amongst the inaccessible precipices of the rock. A female of this species has also been

known to produce offspring in a state of captivity, at one of the hotels in Paris. A *striated monkey* [*Simia jacchus*] brought forth young ones in the house of a merchant at Lisbon, and another in that of a lady in Paris.

Female monkeys generally carry their young ones nearly in the same manner as negresses do their children. The little animals cling to the back of their dam by their hind feet, and embrace the neck with their paws. When the females suckle them, it is said that they hold them in their arms, and present the teat as a woman would to a child.

Monkeys usually live in much more extensive troops than apes. The troops of *patas*, or *red monkeys of Senegal*, are reported to amount sometimes to as many as three or four thousand. Some naturalists believe that they form a sort of republic, in which a great degree of subordination is kept up. That they always travel in good order, conducted by chiefs, the strongest and most experienced animals of their troop; and that, on these occasions, some of the largest monkeys are likewise placed in the rear, the sound of whose voice immediately silences that of any of the others that happen to be too noisy. The orderly and expert retreat of these creatures from danger is an amusing sight to Europeans, unaccustomed to the native manners of such animals. The negroes believe them to be a vagabond race of men, who are too indolent to construct habitations to live in, or to cultivate the ground for subsistence. They sometimes commit dreadful havock in the fields and gardens of persons who inhabit the countries where they abound.

The different species of monkeys are seldom known to intermix or associate together; but each tribe generally inhabits a different quarter. The negroes who have not been taught the use of fire arms, are said to kill them by shooting them in the face

with arrows. But it often happens, when the *sapajous* are shot, that in the act of falling from the tree they seize hold of a branch with their tail, and, dying in this situation, continue suspended even for a long time after death. When a monkey of some of the larger species is wounded, the rest will frequently collect together, and with great fury pursue the hunters to their huts or lodgments.

It was formerly supposed that man was the only animal which could be infected by the smallpox and measles; but it is now ascertained that monkeys, kept in houses where these complaints prevail, are also liable to receive the infection.

In the year 1767, the inhabitants of Saint Germain-en-Laie, near Paris, were witness to a monkey's catching the small pox, by playing with children who were infected, and the animal bore the marks of it for a considerable time afterwards. A circumstance nearly similar was observed also at Paris. M. Paulet, a medical man of some eminence, was called upon, in 1770, to attend a person who had the measles. As the disease was contagious, he requested that every possible precaution might be taken to prevent it from spreading; and particularly that a monkey, accustomed to play with the children of the house, should, on no account, have any communication with the invalid. The request was made too late. One of the sick person's sisters, and at the same time also the monkey, which had been accustomed to sleep at the foot of her bed, was attacked by the disease. The monkey, in consequence, was treated in the same manner as a human subject. M. Paulet, on examining the state of the animal's pulse, found it so quick that it was scarcely possible to count the pulsations. In the axillary artery these were much more sensible than in any other. And he declared that, as nearly as he could count them, they were about five hundred

in a minute. We ought to remark, that this monkey was of a very low stature, and that in all animals, the shorter they are the quicker is their pulse. These facts, which are well authenticated, sufficiently prove (independently of others) that the smallpox and measles are not diseases entirely confined to the human species; but that animals, as well as men, are liable to receive the infection from them. Numerous instances have occurred of the smallpox being communicated to and from animals. Those from cattle are now well known. A shepherd infected with the smallpox has been known to communicate the disease to his sheep, and these sheep to those of another flock. A horse has been observed to be covered with the pustules of the smallpox. Goats are sometimes attacked by it; and, when this is the case, great numbers generally perish. [See *Roder. à Castro, lib. 4. de Meteor. Microc. cap. 6.*] This dreadful contagion is likewise frequently known to extend to the flocks of reindeer in Lapland.

Such is the summary of the principal observations that have been transmitted to us by different travellers, respecting the manners and habits of life of the animals which constitute this interesting tribe; and from what has been said, it appears that they have a nearer alliance than any other quadruped, in the general conformation of their bodies, to the human race. They consequently have the art of imitating human actions better than any others, since they are able to use their fore feet as hands. From the general organization of the monkeys, they are likewise capable of an education nearer allied to that of man, than any other animal. Some naturalists have attributed infinitely too much sagacity to them, whilst others have certainly not allowed enough. The monkeys seem to do those things which mankind do before their reason is matured by age; and in this respect there

is no other quadruped which bears any resemblance to them. Most animals seem at times to be actuated by the spirit of revenge. By the different means that are employed to gratify this passion, we may in a measure judge of the different degrees of their instinct; and every one knows how greatly the monkey exceeds all other brutes in its vindictive malice. There appears, in some measure, an analogy even betwixt the vices, if we may so call them, of the monkeys, and the disgusting brutality too often observable in the vitious and degraded part of mankind.

The animals of the monkey tribe differ very essentially from each other in their general manners and habits of life. The *oran utan* is susceptible of more considerable attainments than any of the others. The short muzzled monkeys, with long tails, such as the greater part of the *guenons*, *sapajous*, and *sagoins*, are for the most part exceedingly tractable, and receive a certain degree of instruction without much difficulty. But some of the apes, and baboons, with long muzzles, are so savage and ferocious as to be incapable of any education whatever.

The monkeys of the new continent, as might naturally be supposed, differ (at least in some degree) in their habits of life from those of the old world. The great Author of Nature has assigned to them several characteristics that are peculiar to themselves: such, amongst others, are the situation and separation of the nasal orifices; and the presence of two additional grinders in each jaw. We, likewise, are acquainted with no species of monkey, belonging to the ancient world, that has a prehensile tail, or the bony pouch observable in the throat of the preacher monkey and the arabata [*Simia beelzebul* and *Simia seniculus* of Linnæus.]

In some countries monkeys, even in their wild state, are rendered serviceable to mankind. It is said, that in districts where pepper and cocoa

grow, the inhabitants, availing themselves of the imitative faculties and the agility of the monkeys, are able to procure an infinitely greater quantity of these articles than they could do by any other means. They mount some of the lowest branches of the trees, break off the extremities where the fruit grows, and then descend and carefully range them together on the ground. The animals afterwards ascend the same trees, strip the branches all the way to the top, and dispose them in a similar manner. After the monkeys have gone to rest, the Indians return and carry off the spoil.

In some places, it is this inclination to imitate human actions which leads to their destruction. The Indians carry in their hands vessels filled with water, and rub their faces with it in the presence of the monkeys; then substituting a kind of glue instead of water, leave the vessels behind them and retire. The observant creatures seize the vessels and do the same; when the glue, adhering strongly to their hair and eyelids, completely blinds them, and prevents every possibility of their effecting an escape.

In other places, the natives take to the habitations of the monkeys a kind of boots, which they put on and pull off their legs several times successively. These are then rubbed over in the inside with a strong glue; and when the monkeys attempt to do the same, they are unable to disengage themselves, and, consequently, are caught without difficulty.

Sometimes the inhabitants carry in their hands a mirror, and appear to amuse themselves by looking at it in different attitudes. In place of these they leave a kind of traps, not unlike the glasses in external appearance, which, when the animals take them up, seize and secure them by the paws.

The inhabitants of St. Vincent le Blanc catch monkeys in several kinds of traps and snares. Some-

times, when they have caught the young ones, they put them into a cage, and appear to teaze and torment them, in order that they may likewise catch the parents.

The hunters of some countries place near the haunts of monkeys vessels containing strong and intoxicating liquors. The animals drink of them, and in a short time become so drunk, as to lie down on the spot and fall asleep.

Some of the Indians ascend to the summits of the mountains in which the animals breed, and construct there a pile of wood, round the base of which they spread a quantity of maize. They place on the pile some substance, which, on being exposed to heat, explodes with tremendous noise. This is contrived to explode during the time that the monkeys are employed in devouring the maize, and, in the terroure and astonishment, the old animals scamper off on all sides with the utmost rapidity, leaving their young ones a prey to the hunters.

The dexterity of monkeys is such, that, although burthened by their offspring clinging to their backs, they can leap from tree to tree, if the distance is not very great, and secure their hold among the branches with the greatest certainty. When they perceive any person taking aim at them, either with a gun or bow, they cry out and grind their teeth sometimes in the most horrible manner. They are often able to avoid the arrows that are shot at them, and sometimes they even catch them in their hands. When any one of their community is shot, and falls to the ground, all the rest set up a dismal and tremendous howl, which makes all the adjacent mountains and woods resound. If a monkey is wounded, and does not fall, it frequently happens that his companions will seize and carry it off far beyond the reach of their enemy: and miserable is the fate of that hunter who is imprudent enough to venture near their haunts during that same day. When the

animals reascend the trees, they each carry a stone in their hands, and generally another in their mouths; and, in such case, these are thrown at their adversary with a correctness of aim that is truly astonishing.

The inhabitants of several countries derive a means of subsistence from the flesh of these animals. We are assured by Condamine, that in Cayenne the monkeys are the kind of game that is more frequently pursued than any other; and that the Indians of the country bordering on the river of the Amazons are peculiarly fond of their flesh. Their fat is esteemed a sovereign remedy for stiffness in the joints. In the Portuguese settlements in South America, powdered monkey's bones are consi-

dered an excellent sudorifick, and likewise as anti-venereal. In the gall-bladder of one or two of the Indian species, but particularly of the *dorick* and *wanderu*, a kind of gall-stone is sometimes found. These, says Tavernier, the natives have been known to sell for as much as a hundred crowns each. They will not, in general, permit them to be exported out of their country as articles of commerce, but chiefly preserve them as an invaluable present to foreign ambassadors residing amongst them. They are considered to possess all the properties that have been attributed to the most precious of the bezoar stones.

W. BINGLEY.

Christ Church.

DIAMONDS.

BY W. WOOD, F.L.S.

THOSE persons who are totally unacquainted with the operation of chymistry, will not readily believe that the most precious stone in the world, is nothing but modified charcoal; and that, far from being indestructible, it may be entirely consumed by fire. Such, however, is the fact; for the knowledge of which we are particularly indebted to the decisive experiment of Mr. Tennant; though other chymists have not been deficient in their operation on the same subject. It was found, from some experiments which preceded those of Mr. Tennant, that the diamond, though it was capable of resisting the effects of violent heat in a close vessel, might be consumed when exposed to the joint action of heat and air. These experiments, however, if we except those by Lavoisier, only proved the inflammability of the diamond. Mr. Tennant and, we ought to add, Mr. Guyton, went further, and not only proved its combustible nature, but likewise ascertained its component parts. According, therefore, to the present arrangement of

minerals, this substance is placed among the combustible bodies: nevertheless, we have taken the liberty to leave it at the head of the precious stones, as a more natural, though less scientifick, situation than the other.

Diamonds, when brought to Europe in their rough state, are said to be either in the shape of roundish pebbles with shining surfaces, or in octaëdral crystals; but they are not entirely confined to this form, as they vary in several respects, and sometimes occur with twenty-four, and even forty-eight sides.

These precious stones are principally found in the East Indies, in the kingdoms of Golconda and Visapour in the peninsula on this side the Ganges, nearly eighteen degrees from the line. They are likewise in the kingdoms of Pegu and of Siam, in Brasil, and in South America. One circumstance is worthy of remark respecting the situation of diamond mines. It is, that those of America are at the same distance in the southern hemisphere that the Asiatick

mines are in the northern. The diamonds of India are, in general, larger, and of a finer water, than those of Brasil, but by no means so abundant. As a proof of this, Patrin tells us, that when the mines of Brasil were first discovered, the Portuguese were so successful in their researches, that in 1730, the Rio Janeiro fleet brought away eleven hundred and forty-six ounces. This prodigious quantity, brought immediately into the market, so reduced the price of diamonds, that, to prevent their becoming too common, the court of Portugal afterwards confined the employment of diamond hunting to a certain number of persons.

The account which Tavernier has given us of the diamond mines of Asia is very circumstantial, and deserves our particular attention, as being written by a person who travelled so many years for the sole purpose of collecting diamonds. The first mine he visited was at Raolconda, in the kingdom of Visapour; and the account he gives of this place is nearly as follows:

“Round about the place where the diamonds are found, the ground is sandy and full of rocks, which contain veins from half a finger to a finger wide. These veins are full of earth, or sand, which the miners pick out with instruments on purpose, and carefully deposit in a tub, as it is amongst this earth that the diamonds are found. They are sometimes obliged to break the rock in order to trace the veins for the sake of the earth; and as soon as this is accomplished, and all the sand removed, it is carefully washed two or three times and the diamonds, if there be any, picked out. There are several diamond cutters at this mine, but none of them have above one mill, which is of steel. They never cut more than one stone at a time upon each mill, and use oil and diamond powder to facilitate the operation, at the same time loading the stone with a heavy weight.”

According to this account of Tavernier's, the Indian lapidaries are very expert in cutting the diamonds, and will frequently undertake to divide a stone, which, from its unfavourable appearance, the Europeans will not venture upon.

Speaking of the government of the mines, Tavernier says, they trade very freely and honestly, the king receiving two per cent. on all that are bought, besides a certain duty from the merchants for leave to dig. When these traders have fixed upon a spot, they begin their search, and employ a number of miners, in proportion to the hurry they may be in.

Sometimes a hundred men are employed at once; and when this is the case, the merchant pays four pagodas to the king for every day they work, and two when the number is not so great.

When Tavernier visited these mines, the poor people never got above three pagodas* for the labour of a year, though they understand their business extremely well. These trifling wages, and the distress they suffer in consequence, make them hide a stone whenever they can find an opportunity. This, it must be confessed, is but seldom, as, besides being strictly guarded, they work almost naked; and therefore, not having any outward protection for their stolen goods, they are sometimes induced to swallow them. When any of these people chance to meet with a large stone, they carry it to the master of the work, who rewards them accordingly.

Every day, after dinner, the master of the miners brings the diamonds to the lodgings of the merchants, in order to show them; and if the stones are large, or sufficiently numerous to amount to more than the sum of two thousand crowns, he will leave them for some days, that the merchants may have time to consider their value, and agree about the price. This, it seems, they are

* About 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

obliged to do before the return of the owner, who will never bring the same stones again, unless mixed with others.

It appears from Tavernier's account, that the diamond traffick is carried on by persons of all ages, and that even children are taught to barter for them. "It is very pleasant," says the traveller, "to see the young children of the merchants and other people of the country, from the age of ten to fifteen or sixteen years, who seat themselves on a tree that lies in a void place in the town. Every one of them has his diamond weights in a little bag hanging at one side; on the other his purse, with five or six hundred pagodas in gold in it. There they sit, expecting when any person will come to sell them some diamonds. If any person brings them a stone, they put it into the hands of the eldest boy amongst them, who is, as it were, their chief, who looks upon it, and after that gives it to him that is next him; by which means it goes from hand to hand, till it returns to him again, none of the rest speaking a word. After that he demands the price to buy it, if possible; but if he buy it too dear, it is upon his own account. In the evening the children compute what they have laid out; when they look upon their stones, and separate them according to their water, their weight, and clearness. Then they bring them to the principal merchants, who have generally great parcels to match; and the profit is divided among the children equally, only the chief among them has a fourth in the hundred more than the rest. Young as they are, they so well understand the price of stones, that if one of them has made any purchase, and is willing to lose one half in the hundred, the other will give him his money."

The secrecy which the Indians observe in their dealings with each other is singular enough; for they will contrive to sell the same parcel of diamonds several times to each other

without speaking a word; so that no bystander can possibly tell what they have been doing. The manner in which this is accomplished has been thus described by Tavernier: "The buyer and seller sit one before another like two tailors; and the seller, opening his girdle, takes the right hand of the purchaser, and conveys it, together with his own, beneath his girdle, where the bargain is secretly driven in the presence of many merchants, without the knowledge of any one. The parties never speak or make any signs with their mouths or eyes, but only converse with their hands; and this is managed in the following manner:—When the seller takes the purchaser by the whole hand, it signifies a thousand; and as often as he squeezes it, it means so many thousand pagodas or rupees, according to the money in question. If he takes but half, to the knuckle of the middle finger, that is as much as to say fifty; the small end of the finger to the first knuckle signifies ten. When he grasps five fingers, it signifies five hundred; but if one finger, one hundred."

Seven days journey from Golconda, towards the east, there is another diamond mine, called Gani, or, in the Persian language, Coulour. This mine is said to have been discovered by a countryman, who, digging a piece of ground to sow millet, found a pointed stone that weighed above twenty-five carats. This, being carried to Golconda, immediately induced the inhabitants to search further; and such was the success of their industry, that not only many other stones of considerable size were found, but the wonderful diamond, weighing nine hundred carats, which Mirzimala afterwards presented to Aureng-zeb.

When Tavernier first visited this mine, there were about sixty thousand persons at work, consisting of men, women, and children; the men being employed to dig, the women and children to carry the earth. When

the miners have fixed upon the place where they intend to dig, they level another, somewhat larger, in the same neighbourhood, and enclose it with a wall about two feet high, only leaving apertures from space to space, to give passage to the water. The place being thus prepared, the people that are to work meet all together, men, women, and children, with the workmaster, his friends and relations. But before any thing is done, a superstitious ceremony is performed to render their labours propitious. The only passive personage in this ceremony is a little household god which the master brings with him, and before which the people prostrate themselves three times, while the *brahman* says a certain prayer.

This being ended, he marks the forehead of every one with a kind of glue, made of saffron and gum, and is careful that the spot is large enough to hold seven or eight grains of rice, which he sticks upon it. Their bodies are then washed with the water which every one brings in his pot; after which they arrange themselves in order to partake of the repast which the workmaster has prepared for them. This is merely a plate of rice to each person, with the addition of a quarter of a pound of butter melted in a small copper pot with some sugar.

After the feast is finished, every person proceeds to his business; the men digging the earth in the place first discovered, and the women and children carrying it off into the other, or walled, enclosure. When they find water they cease to dig; and the water thus found washes the earth two or three times; after which it is let out at an aperture reserved for that purpose. When the earth has been washed again, and well dried, they sift it in a kind of open sieve; which operation is repeated before they begin to look for diamonds.

Another mine which Tavernier speaks of as famous for its diamonds, is the bed of the river Goual, near

Soumelpour, a large town built entirely of earth, and covered with branches of cocoa trees. The river Goual runs within a mile of the town, in its way from the mountains towards the Ganges. All our fine diamond points or sparks, called natural sparks, are brought from this river, where they are collected as soon as the great rains are over, which is about the end of December.

As soon in January as the water is grown clear, eight or ten thousand persons, of all ages and both sexes, come out of Soumelpour and the neighbouring villages. The most experienced among them search and examine the sand of the river, going up from Soumelpour to the very mountain whence it springs. Those who are used to this business know by the sand whether any diamonds are likely to be found or not; and judge it a favourable sign when they find a number of those stones which we call thunder stones at the bottom of the river. When they have reason to believe that the produce will pay them for their labour, they proceed to take up the sand, first making a dam round the place with stones, earth, and fascines, and then lading out the water. After this is done, they dig about two feet deep; and the sand thus procured is carried into a place walled round on the bank of the river, where it is washed and sifted in the same manner as at Coulour.

Magellan tells us, that the greatest diamond ever known in the world is one belonging to the king of Portugal, which was found in Brasil, and is still uncut. This gentleman was informed, from good authority, that it was once of a larger size, but that a piece was cleaved or broken by the ignorant countryman who chanced to find the gem, and tried its hardness by a stroke of a large hammer upon an anvil. This prodigious diamond weighs 1,680 carats;* and although

* A carat weighs four grains.

it is uncut, Romé de l'Isle says, it is valued at 224 millions sterling.

This appears to be an incredible sum, and probably the valuation is erroneous: but even supposing that to be the case, and that we employ the usual methods laid down for computing the worth of these jewels, the sum will be immense; as, in this way, it will amount to at least 5,644,800 pounds sterling!

The diamond which is next in value adorns the sceptre of the emperor of Russia, and is placed under the eagle at the top of it. This stone weighs 779 carats, and is worth, at least, 4,854,720 pounds sterling, although it hardly cost 135,417 guineas. A singular history is attached to this diamond. It was formerly one of the eyes of a Malabarian idol, named Scheringham. A French grenadier, who had deserted from the Indian service, contrived to become one of the priests of that idol, and, watching his opportunity, stole its eye, and ran away to the English at Trinchinapeuly, from whence he carried it to Madras. A ship captain bought it for twenty thousand rupees; afterwards a Jew gave seventeen or eighteen thousand pounds for it; at last, a Greek merchant, named Gregory Suffras, offered it to sale at Amsterdam, in the year 1766, where it was bought by prince Orloff for his sovereign, the empress of Russia. The figure and size of this diamond is preserved in the British Museum.

The diamond of the Great Mogul weighs 279 carats, and is said to be worth 380,000 guineas. This diamond has a small flaw underneath near the bottom. Before this stone was cut, Tavernier tells us it weighed 900 carats; consequently its loss in cutting must be considerable.

Another diamond, in the possession of the king of Portugal, which weighs 215 carats, is extremely fine, and worth at least 369,800*l*.

The famous diamond which belonged to the late king of France,

called the *Pitt*, or *Regent*, weighs nearly 137 carats, and has been valued at 208,333 guineas, although it did not cost above half that sum. This beautiful gem was found in the diamond mines at the foot of the Gaut mountains, about twenty miles from Golconda. Another diamond belonging to the same monarch, called the Sancy, was reckoned a very fine stone, though it weighs only 55 carats. It cost 25,000 guineas, but is said to be worth a much larger sum. We must not omit to mention the diamond of the emperor of Germany, which weighs 139 carats, and is valued at 109,520 guineas. It is of a light citron colour.

It is well known that the diamond is the hardest of all precious stones, and only to be cut by the assistance of its own powder. We are informed, that to bring it to the degree of perfection which so much augments its price, they begin by rubbing several against each other while rough, after having previously glued them to the ends of two wooden blocks, thick enough to be held in the hand. The powder which is rubbed off the stones in this operation is caught in a little box provided for that purpose, and afterwards used to grind and polish the stones. From the extreme hardness of these stones it has been alleged, that rubbing them against each other is the only way to reduce them to an impalpable powder; but this is not strictly the case, as the jewellers are in the habit of pounding small pieces in steel mortars fitted with a pestle exactly the size of the interior, so that none of the diamond can escape. A few blows with the hammer upon the head of the pestle completely powder the stone.

Diamonds are more or less valuable according to what is called their water. Those of the first water are in the greatest degree of purity and perfection, while those of less brilliancy are said to be of the second or third water; and thus they proceed till the

stone becomes coloured; for there are diamonds of all colours, though faintly tinted. Thus we have some

of a rose colour; others green, blue, brown, black; and some are marked with black spots.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY AND BOSTON REVIEW.

Letter from an American Traveller in Europe to his Friends in this country.

Rome, January 30, 1805.

SINCE I last wrote you, we have retraced our steps to this city, and are now as busy as the worst weather will permit us *in reviewing* the most select and interesting parts of its antiquities and curiosities, or in visiting those which escaped us before. Never, perhaps, at so short a distance, and under the same climate, was a difference so striking in the manners and habits of cities, as that which exists between Naples and Rome.

The former is *the most* busy, lively, crowded, gay, dissipated city in the world. The latter resembles the still, grand, but interesting solemnity of some ancient but splendid *abbey*. Every thing in the former exhibits man as he is: a bustling, active, thoughtless being, pursuing phantoms, seeking pleasure which he never can find, and driving away, by the hurry of the present, the thought of the future. All the objects in the latter recall man as he has been; his former greatness; his present humility; his false grandeur; his proud but vain desire of terrestrial immortality; his luxury and his poverty; his power and weakness; the durability of Providence, and the perpetual mutability of man. At Rome every thing is still, quiet, solemn as the sepulchres of the kings and heroes which it encloses. The society at Naples is vastly more interesting, particularly for the English residents. Many English or American families, whose manners correspond to our own, and whose houses are seats of general hospitality, make the time pass off very agreeably. Its climate attracts strangers from every part of

Europe, and you meet, on a footing extremely pleasant, gentlemen and ladies of rank and character from almost every nation. Amidst a great variety of characters which one would expect to find in a place so mixed, there were two whose history attracted my notice, and whose biographical sketches were to us extremely interesting.

One is an old octogenarian gentleman, who is still known by a title, which he had, I presume, about fifty years ago, *Governour Ellis*. This title he derived from having been a governour of Georgia, in the United States, under the royal government. He served many years as a naval officer under the grandfather of George III. who, you will recollect, is now turned of sixty. He performed a circumnavigatory voyage before *Cook*, and that celebrated navigator served under him in an inferior station. His voyages will be found under the name of *Ellis's Voyages round the World*, in *Mavor's collection*, and I dare say, that many of us, in reading it, have supposed the man to have been buried for half a century past.

For the last thirty years he has retired to Naples to pass the *residue* of his life. Till within a few years he has passed his summers in journies to Russia and the north, and his winters in the south, preserving by that means a perpetual summer, extremely favourable to longevity. For the last twenty years he has abstained from animal food, but has supplied the want of it by a very strong soup, which, with a single glass of wine, forms his constant diet.

He is extremely fond of society, and whenever there is a ball or con-

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verzazione the governour generally passes an hour in it. He retains his faculties fully, which are of a superior grade. He is an elegant classick scholar, and his language in common conversation is a perfect model for an accomplished man. He has a great turn for poetry, which he repeats with astonishing memory whenever requested. He did me the favour to lend me a *satire on manners*, which he has just finished. He lived in the house with a Russian princess, whom I shall soon notice. She was no youth, having nearly reached her ninetieth year. The gallant old gentleman wrote a few couplets in compliment to his youthful neighbour, at which she, however, took offence, observing that she did not choose to be the subject of publick notice, even in complimentary canzonets. I heard the old gentleman complain of this failure of return for his gallantry.

This princess was as extraordinary a character as the governour. She like him had retired to milder skies to reinvigorate her decaying fabrick. She was the most hospitable foreigner at Naples. Her house was one of the pleasantest resorts for all strangers of character who visited the city. Her ruling passion was *gay society*, and never did a woman exhibit the truth of Pope's sentiment more truly. Hers was never stronger than in death. For many weeks before her death, it was known to herself and every one around her, that she would soon die; but she expressed a strong wish that she might survive the first day of the new year, *because she was resolved to give a brilliant fête* on that day. She died, I believe, before; but as she was in the habit of receiving her friends on certain days, who amused themselves with cards, &c.

she insisted that it should be continued during her illness; and in fact after she was speechless, the night of her death, she had a party who took leave of her, and she died before morning!!! To finish the scene, as it commenced, according to the fashion of great people in this country, her body was exposed in state, as it is termed, for three days, and was there visited by *those friends* whom her living hospitality had contributed to *amuse*.

I met several times in Naples a young German officer, whose history was very interesting to me, not only as it was wonderful in itself, but as it proves that the Austrians did not yield the palm to the French in point of bravery. I have always believed, that numbers, rather than courage or conduct, achieved the victories of France. This young officer was of the first family in Germany. He is one of the princes of the Lichtenstein family. He commanded a regiment of cavalry in the Austrian service, and as he was of high rank, his regiment was a large one. It consisted of eighteen hundred men. As it suffered in engagements, it was constantly *recruited*; so that in the course of *that short war* he lost out of that regiment, whose complement was only eighteen hundred men, *nine thousand seven hundred*; I repeat it, nine thousand seven hundred; and he and another officer are the *only ones surviving* in the regiment, who first engaged in it this last war. The prince has received many severe wounds, and is now in Italy for his health. He is not, I think, more than thirty years of age. I think these three characters well worthy of notice. They certainly do not occur at every corner.

ANECDOTES.

The following anecdotes respecting Scottish manners are extracted from Hall's Travels in Scotland, a late work.

IT was, and still is a custom in many places in the Highlands, that whoever comes into a house after a person dies, and before such person is interred, as also after a child is born till it is baptized, must eat and drink in the house before they leave it. This being the custom, to save expenses, and because they think it disrespectful to God to have an unbaptized child in the house, poor people generally have their children as soon baptized as possible. But it happened once to a poor man in this part of the country, that a river, as is often the case, ran between his house and the clergyman's, so that neither the poor man could get to the clergyman, nor the clergyman to the poor man's, in order to have the child baptized. The river was swoln by the gradual melting of the snow, and there was no bridge within twenty miles. The poor man's cheese, his bread, &c. was nearly expended. He, therefore, on the one side of the river, and the clergyman on the other, consulting what was to be done, agreed that the child should be brought to the river side; that the father, presenting the child, should take on the vows, as they term it, and the minister with a scoop, or Dutch ladle, should throw over the water: which was done, though with difficulty, owing to the breadth of the river; after which, the clergyman pronounced the name; prayed aloud, so as to be heard by the parent and his attendants on the other side; after which each went to their respective places perfectly satisfied with this new mode of baptism, and that, if the child died in infancy, it would go to heaven.

Being invited to dine with a gentleman near Aulderu, when I was praising the sallad, which I found extremely good, he said, smiling: "You

need not be afraid, it is not dressed with castor oil." Upon inquiring what he alluded to, he told me that a gentleman and his lady, in the neighbourhood, who sometimes, as is the case in inland places, where there are no resident doctors, when any of their tenants are sick, recommend an emetic, or the like, to them, and at their own expense afford the medicine. This gentleman, having an appeal to the house of peers, about a large estate, was at London; and, as he gained the process, and was about to return to Scotland, he bought some gallons of castor oil, to lie at his house, and be served out as occasion should require. Upon his arrival in Scotland, as it is natural, all the nobility and gentry, who were acquainted with him, came to dine with him, and congratulate him and the family on so many thousand pounds yearly being added to their fortune. When mostly all the genteel families for twenty miles round, had paid their compliments to him in this manner, and he and his lady found leisure to hear the complaints of those sick people that applied to them, he found that some castor oil might be useful to a person that had come to consult them. Upon this, he rang the bell for John, the servant, who appearing, and being desired to bring some castor oil, replied: "It is all done." "Done!" replied the gentleman, "do not you know there is a keg of it lately come from London?" "Yes, but if it please you honour, that one is done too." "How can that be?" replied the gentleman, in a passion. "Why, sir, you have had such a round of company almost every day since it came, and always sallad at table, that it is all gone." "Don't you know, it is castor oil I want, and that the name is written in large letters on the cask?" "So it is," replied the servant, "but as your honour knows, it was for the CASTORS, and dressing the sallad: it is all gone." "O you

scoundrel, now I understand you ; so you have been dressing the sallad all this time with it. But harkee, John, for God's sake do not mention it." The truth is, all the company were highly pleased with the sallads, and had often spoke in their praise ; and the gentleman and his family had never in their life a better summer's health, nor the people that visited him.

It is strange that the magistrates of Edinburgh, who are, in general, men of parts and discernment, should appoint any one to the office of town-crier that can read neither Scotch nor English. I heard one of them, when reading an advertisement, blunder almost at every word, and pronounce the very first word advertisement, laying the accent on the third syllable, when it should have been on the second, and confounding the word shops, where goods are sold, with the word chops, meaning the mouth and jaws. Indeed, at Aberdeen, till lately, they generally pronounced both these words the same way. Upon the eve of a king's fast day there, about a year ago, one of the town-criers proclaimed, that, as to morrow was a fast day, by order of the magistrates, no one within the liberties of the city, under pain of fining and imprisonment, should open their shops, but he pronounced it chops, from morning till night. An Englishman, who happened to be there, imagining that the magistrates had ordered that none should open their mouth to eat all that time, left the city, swearing, for his part, he would not obey them ; and that, as the magistrates were fools for issuing such an order, so he thought the people would be fools if they obeyed it.

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

[Not generally known.]

The freedom and asperity of his various attacks on the character and prerogative of Charles I. rendered him peculiarly obnoxious when the

restoration was accomplished. To save himself, therefore, from the fury of a court which he had so highly incensed, and the vigilance of which, from the emissaries employed, it was become so difficult to elude, he connived with his friends, in effecting the following innocent imposture :—The report of his death was industriously circulated, and the credulity of the people swallowed the bait prepared for them. The coffin, the mourners, and other apparatus of his burial, were exhibited at his house, with the same formality as if he had been really dead. A figure of him, as large and as heavy as the life, was actually formed, laid out, and put in a lead coffin, and the whole funeral solemnity acted in all its parts. It is said, when the truth was known, and he was found to be alive, notwithstanding the most incontestible evidence that he had been thus openly interred, the wits about the court of king Charles II. made themselves exceedingly merry with the strata-gem by which the poet had preserved his life. The lively and good natured monarch discovered too, himself, not a little satisfaction, on finding, that, by this ingenious expedient, his reign had not been tarnished with the blood of a man already blind, by application, infirmity, and age, and who, under all his dreadful misfortunes, had written *Paradise Lost*.

A sapient question, put to Miss Taylor, on her examination at the bar of the house of commons, relative to the charges against the duke of York :

Question.—Might not your father take the name of Chance, without your knowledge ?

Answer.—Then how should I know that he did ?—[a laugh.]

In a debate on the same business, in the house of commons, Mr. Fuller, a warm advocate for the duke of York, said, that he had received a number of anonymous letters, calling him a *black hearted fellow*, and this

thing, that thing, and t'other thing. [*Loud Laughing.*] He did not like to have the duke of York sent away like a whale, with a harpoon stuck in his side. Many complaints, he said, were made against this country; but, in his opinion, the country was better than any country upon earth; and "he that don't like England, d—n him, let him leave it." [*A roar of laughter and groans.*] He apologised for the last expression; said he had heard it as a toast in a publick company!

REPARTEE.—"I cannot"—said a lady, who was leaning upon a rail at

the opera-house during a little confusion—"I cannot, for the soul of me, catch a note."—"Never mind that, my dear," replied her companion, "so long as you have got hold of a bar."

ERASMUS.

The following epitaph was written upon him:

Hic jacet Erasmus, qui quondam bonus erat mus;

Rodere qui solitus; roditur a vermibus.

When the author was asked, why he had made *ver* in *vermibus* short: he replied, because he had made *bo* in *bonus* long.

POETRY.

The following is the form in which Burns's song of Bonie Doon was originally written.

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

Translation by Cowper of a Latin Sonnet by Milton.

Fair Lady! whose harmonious name the
Rhine,
Through all his grassy vale delights
to hear,
Base were indeed the wretch who
could forbear

To love a spirit elegant as thine,
That manifests a sweetness all divine,
Nor knows a thousand winning acts
to spare,

And graces, which Love's bow and
arrows are,
Tempering thy virtues to a softer shine.
When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest
gay,

Such strains, as might the senseless
forest move,
Ah then—turn each his eyes, and ears
away,

Who feels himself unworthy of thy
love!

Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

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